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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

MAY 28, 1990

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,932

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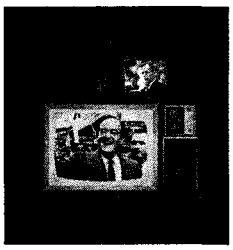

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 202, Number 22, Issue 3,932, May 28, 1990. (Printed in the U.S. on May 9, 1990.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 8 & 15, July 9 & 16, July 30 & Aug. 6, Aug. 20 & 27, and Sept. 10 & 17, 1990) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). ©1990 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

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FROM WASHINGTON

Minority rules

When Nelson Mandela calls for a "democratic and non-racial" South Africa, that is much more appealing to American ears than President F. W. de Klerk's call for a "multiracial" South Africa that avoids "simplistic majority rule on the basis of one man, one vote." "Multiracial" is correctly taken to mean a society with special protections for the white minority.

"Those who enjoy full political rights at present are not prepared to bow out apologetically from the stage of history," de Klerk says. Mandela calls on de Klerk "to abandon the concept of group rights . . . without any reservation," and adds, "The fact that Mr. de Klerk is determined to bring this concept to the negotiating table means that white South Africa does not yet trust us."

Clearly true. But clearly, as well, if a settlement in South Africa must await the arrival of perfect trust between blacks and whites, it will wait forever. Given that reality, is a departure from the principle of "one person, one vote"—or even the recognition of "group rights" for the white minority—an unthinkable betrayal of the principle of democracy?

South Africa is not the first society to face a problem like this. The Framers of the U.S. Constitution, meeting in Philadelphia 203 years ago, almost broke up several times over the issue of protecting the interests of the small states. The "Great Compromise" that saved the day was the invention of the Senate, in which the states would have equal vote no matter what their population.

This departure from the principle of "one person, one vote" is hard to defend in abstract democratic principle. But it clinched a deal that has worked out rather well. And no one I know of lies awake in rage at the injustice of it, although it continues to pervert our politics even today. As James Madison—a one-man, one-vote man—shrewdly predicted, much of the advantage has gone to the then non-existent Western states, rather than to the small Eastern ones that fought so hard for it. On issues ranging from farm price supports to gun control, the existence of a Senate where power is allotted by state rather than by population gives rural interests a disproportionate chance to thwart the will of the majority.

Of course group geographical favoritism seems, to us, far more benign than group racial favoritism. But it was precisely because, back then, geographical passions ran hot in a way we find hard to imagine today (New Jersey versus Virginia?) that the extraordinary arrangement was necessary. Even at the time, Madison fulminated that the small states' fear of oppression by the large ones was perfectly irrational. (I'm getting this stuff from *The Genius of the People* by Charles Mee Jr., Harper & Row.) But fears, however irrational, needed to be assuaged, and Madison ultimately went along.

No fair-minded person would say that whites' fears about their fate in a black-majority-rule South Africa are completely irrational. Some might say that, having been the oppressors for so long, they deserve whatever fate is in store. Rights and wrongs aside, that is not a recipe for the peaceful surrender of power, which is in everyone's interests. Nelson Mandela says, "We must deny the past its attempt to enslave us." He means the racial obsessions of the past, and intends it as an argument against group rights. But the logic surely extends to any ideas about vengeance.

Mandela's answer to the call for group rights, an answer that seems reasonable to Americans, is the promise of individual rights: a Bill of Rights guaranteeing basic freedoms to all people regardless of race, and an independent judiciary to protect those rights. That surely is essential. But it is not sufficient, for two reasons. First, as Professor Donald Horowitz of Duke Law School argues in his forthcoming book, *A Democratic South Africa?*, an independent judiciary is a fragile institution in a new country, and this puts too much weight on it. "The recent history of independent judiciaries in severely divided societies is, with some exceptions, not an especially happy one."

Second, a guarantee of individual rights, even if successful, is not the same as a guarantee to the minority of some genuine political role in running the country. As Horowitz points out, the conventional idea of majority rule assumes enough "floating voters" that majorities will realign every now and then. In a country that is severely divided on racial or other lines, simple majority rule can leave the minority, in effect, permanently disfranchised.

Our own Constitution originally had no Bill of Rights, and the now-sacred principle of judicial review took decades

continued on page 41

Is voting becoming irrelevant?

The entrenchment of incumbents has shifted the focus of American politics from electoral combat to institutional combat. Each side strives to strengthen the institutions it controls and weaken those of the opposition. A deadlock soon emerges, sapping the power to govern. This is the disturbing thesis of a book destined "to change the way political scientists study politics."
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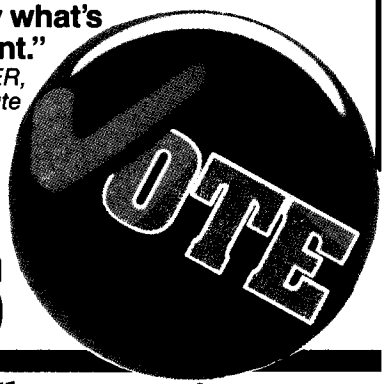

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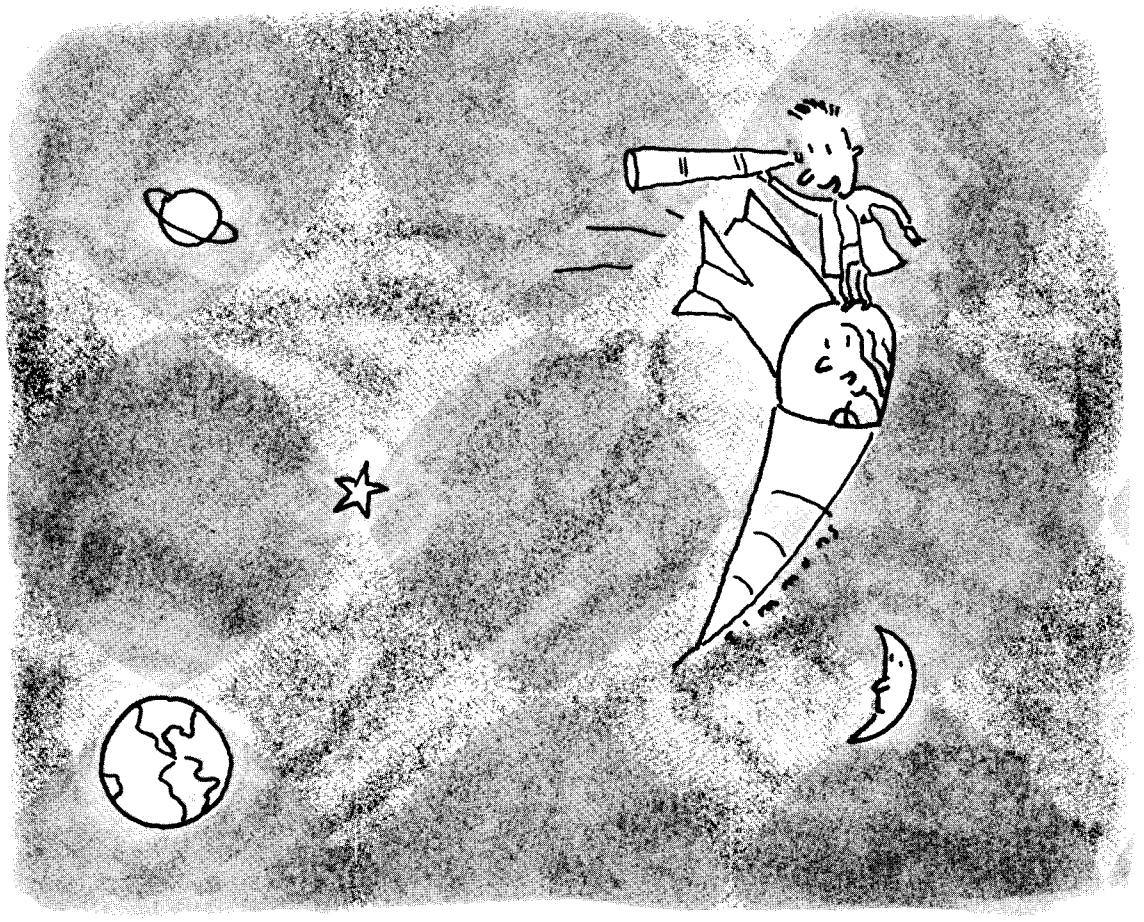

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CORRESPONDENCE

Environmental hazards

To the editors:
Gregg Easterbrook's "guide to Earth Day" ("Everything You Know about the Environment Is Wrong," April 30) misses—unfortunately—what many identify as the primary difference between Earth Day 1990 and its precursor in 1970. The first Earth Day left a legislative legacy (Clean Air Act, Clean Water Act, founding of the EPA), thanks to the diligent efforts of those whom Easterbrook identifies as "enviros." This year's Earth Day observance was focused more on the way each individual can alter her or his lifestyle in small but meaningful ways.

Most environmentalists do not call for the elimination of power plants—many of us use personal computers to draft our countless letters to editors and politicians. Instead, we urge others to try, along with us, to eliminate harmful behavior from our daily lives and to exhort government and industry to change their destructive tendencies. We do not, for the most part, exempt ourselves from our own agenda.

The notion that environmentalists would be "heartbroken" should ozone depletion be disproved, or that we "subconsciously long" for tough legislation to fail is absurd and offensive. I am astonished that within the pages of TNR we find such "enviro rubbish," Easterbrook's remarkable trivialization of global environmental concerns. He has plenty of wisecracks. What he needs is wisdom.

ELIZABETH DODD
Manhattan, Kansas

To the editors:
Gregg Easterbrook fails to mention one key point in the debate over ozone depletion and the role of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs). Although current UV levels are not considered dangerous and the full role of CFCs is not entirely known, the threat of ozone depletion is not a short-term problem. Most scientists have argued that the real threat may be over a century away, since it takes well over twenty years for most CFC emissions to reach the stratospheric ozone layer. As CFC emissions continue to increase, the real possibility of significant ozone depletion over populated areas continues to grow. Although the end of the latest solar cycle in 1991 should reveal more information about the extent of the current problem, the real issue at stake is how to grapple with the long-term consequences of current CFC use. Incidentally, Section 501 of the Clean Air bill under Senate consideration includes legislation for banning CFCs in most non-essential products by 1994.

MARC R. DREILINGER
East Greenbush, New York

To the editors:
Gregg Easterbrook states, "No one has ever been killed by a nuclear power plant." My trustworthy *World Almanac and Book of Facts 1990* notes that in 1986, "Soviet authorities reported *a major accident at the Chernobyl, Ukraine, nuclear power plant, April 28*. The resultant radiation cloud *killed 23*." The emphasis is not mine.

PAUL STATT
Hancock, New Hampshire

To the editors:
I think I can speak for the entire environmental community when I say that Gregg Easterbrook's name is becoming closely linked with the generation of waste.

I have but one lingering question: Why did GM lay out top dollar for its back-cover "General Motors Marks 20 Years of Environmental Progress" ad when Easterbrook is so willing to report the industry line for free?

PETER DYKSTRA
Washington, D.C.
The writer is media director of Greenpeace USA.

Gregg Easterbrook replies:
Stripped of context, the sentence "No one has ever been killed by a nuclear power plant" is wrong. But that sentence occurred in a section discussing nuclear power in the United States, where the statement is true. Of course, in proficient writing every sentence ought to be internally unambiguous, so I'm at fault for poor wording.

Maledictions

To the editors:
Daniel Gross's condescending piece about the various strands of the so-called men's movement ("The Gender Rap," April 16) is yet another example of the superficial analysis that men who are engaged in a critical examination of masculinity have come to expect from mainstream journalists.

If Gross had taken his subject seriously, he would have had to acknowledge that there is no real "men's movement." The ideologies and political agendas of the groups and individuals he surveyed are simply too complex and often antagonistic to be lumped together.

This sort of distortion diverts attention from a serious discussion about contemporary masculinity. Such a discussion might reveal that the problem of defining masculinity is central to any sophisticated discussion of contemporary American political culture. When I read the title of the article, for example, I wondered: Is someone finally doing a comprehensive analysis about the male side of the gender gap? Will he get into a discussion about the relationship between the gains of the women's movement and the backlash of threatened white men that is euphemistically called the conservative movement? And what about the high level of male violence in our society? Could it be that someone outside of the feminist press was actually making a link between masculinity and the epidemic of rape, child sexual abuse, and battering?

Alas, it wasn't to be. As Gross made clear, he'd rather not get into all of that. After all, the guys who do are just a bunch of flakes, right?

JACKSON KATZ
Boston, Massachusetts
The writer is the founder of Real Men.

Proust bound

To the editors:
In her review of Philip Roth's *Deception* ("Kiss and Tell," April 30), Hermione Lee writes that Roth, unlike Harold Pinter, is "not a devotee of Proust." In fact, Roth, stellar pupil of modernism, is possibly his generation's most inspired Proustian.

Consider his early bildungsroman *Letting Go* (1962). Its story, of a man driven to spiritual paralysis by thwarted sexual desire, owes much to Proust's "intermittences of the heart." Consider, too, the elaborate Proustian overtones in *Zuckerman Bound*. This trilogy-plus-coda is placed within an elasticized time scheme quite like the scheme that governs *Remembrance of Things Past*. It's no coincidence. Both books describe the inner life of a writer, and both explore the treacherous windings of memory. Lest we miss the point, Roth repeatedly signals his debt to the French master. In the second of the linked novels, *Zuckerman Unbound*, he gives us the mad Alvin Pepler, who declares, "You're our Marcel Proust, Mr. Zuckerman," and whose own genius—an infernal ability to recall Hit Parade song titles—instances the High Proustian concept of involuntary memory so uncannily that Zuckerman wonders what forces have barred Pepler from becoming the "Proust of the Pops." Roth's interest in Proust has not waned; in *Deception* he pays homage to him through the character of "Philip." This stand-in for Philip Roth is also a descendant of "Marcel," the narrator of *Remembrance* who is almost but not quite identical to his creator, Marcel Proust.

SAM TANENHAUS
Katonah, New York

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MAY 28, 1990

ALTERED STATES

Walter Fauntroy, the District of Columbia's non-voting congressional delegate, sometimes accents his argument for D.C. statehood by calling the District "the nation's last colony." A growing number of Puerto Ricans would dispute that claim to distinction. In Puerto Rico, as in D.C., there is much complaining these days about second-class citizenship (and about the racist undercurrents of that status) and much talk of gaining full membership in the union. There's one big difference between the two statehood movements: in Puerto Rico, the cause shows signs of succeeding. Congress is seriously considering a binding referendum that would let Puerto Ricans choose among statehood, independence, and the status quo. (If the choice were statehood, admission to the Union would be automatic, without any further action by Congress.) The bill has the backing of many Republicans, including President Bush, who don't want to give D.C. residents a comparable choice.

The Republican position is a hard one to defend honestly. The argument for D.C. statehood is compelling on grounds of principle and offers no grounds for legitimate practical reservations (unless you count the Republicans' fear of two more Democratic seats in the Senate). In Puerto Rico's case, the argument from principle is weaker, the practical effects more worrisome.

Fauntroy's logic is overpowering in its simplicity: unlike residents of Puerto Rico, the people of the city of Washington are forced to pay federal taxes, yet they have no say in how their money is spent. "Taxation without representation" may sound melodramatic, but that's what is going on. Juxtaposed with this grievance, the questions commonly raised by opponents of statehood look trivial.

Isn't D.C. too small to be a state? Geographically, the District of Columbia is less than one-fifteenth the size of Rhode Island. But so what? Political representation is about people, not acreage, and at 617,000 souls D.C.'s population is bigger than that of Wyoming, Vermont, or Alaska and not much smaller than that of Delaware or North Dakota—which, all together, send ten more senators to work in the District than the District does. As a state, D.C. would be unique in that it has no rural areas. But then several states have no urban areas. Statehood for D.C. would slightly mitigate the gross overrepresentation of rural interests in the national legislature—an overrepresentation that has given us per capita farm subsidies that make the welfare queens of fact and fable look like humble commoners.

Doesn't the federal government need a home of its own? So everyone thought back when the nation was poised between federation and confederation, and the federal government was still insecure in its powers (a group of angry Revolutionary War veterans, still unpaid for their services, had just advanced on Congress in Philadelphia, scaring everyone to death and fostering the plan to create a secure federal city). At the outset, Washington was an Enlightenment abstraction, a swamp overlaid by the lines drawn by L'Enfant's straightedge. Now it's a real city with real people in it. The continued disfranchisement of those people adds nothing to the efficacy of its functioning as the national capital.

Let's face it: no one would waste time on questions so marginal if most D.C. residents were white and upscale instead of black and lower-to-middle class. The real question undergirding resistance to statehood is this one: *Are D.C. residents really—um, well*—ready *for full participation in democracy?* Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska (of all places) opposes statehood, insisting that Washington has "gone to hell" since being given home rule in 1973. It's certainly true that Marion Barry's mayoralty has been both corrupt and inept (though many states and cities have been governed as badly or worse). It's also true that as a matter of practical politics, statehood will probably go nowhere until the District comes up with a more presentable local administration. But as a matter of right, what does the quality of local government have to do with permitting citizens to vote for national representation? Why should D.C. residents be the only Americans required to "earn" the national franchise? Anyway, the principle has already been granted: residents of the capital have been allowed to vote for president since 1964. Why should they not participate in the

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legislative as well as the executive power of the federal government? If there was ever a coherent case against letting Washingtonians exercise the same political rights as other Americans, the passage of the Twenty-Third Amendment left it in tatters.

Washington has abysmal levels of voter turnout. But isn't it possible the citizenry will take its political responsibilities more seriously once they're real? Even "home rule," after all, is a bit of a sham, since the municipal government lacks ultimate control over its budget. President Bush has just threatened to veto a foreign aid bill because of a rider that would allow the District to use its own tax revenues to provide abortions for poor women, as many states do.

Maryland's governor has endorsed a proposal that his state absorb the District, much as a chunk of D.C. was returned to Virginia in 1846. This would suffice to give full citizenship to District residents (though it would do virtually nothing, alas, to correct the underrepresentation of urban interests in the Senate). If the people of Washington would rather live in Maryland than in the state of New Columbia, so be it. Why don't we ask them?

There is no doubt that Puerto Rico, seized by the United States during the Spanish-American War, is also entitled to some sort of self-determination. The colonial era is over, and it is past time for the nation to admit it. (Not long ago the United States opposed a United Nations resolution to end all colonialism by the year 2000—the only negative vote out of 136.) The question is whether "self-determination" has to include the option of statehood, in addition to independence and continued status as a commonwealth. It is hard to see why it should—why the United States, alone among the great powers, should be obliged to absorb, rather than cut loose, its colonial acquisitions. In the absence of a compelling moral reason, the question is whether statehood is good for the Union, and for Puerto Rico.

Two objections to statehood commonly arise. One is that Puerto Rico is a Spanish-speaking land with a distinct culture and history, not easily blended into the larger whole. This is not a trivial worry. The United States has an allegiance to, and a history of, dramatic assimilation. But the assimilation has been of individuals and groups of individuals, not polities. No state with a non-English-speaking majority has ever been admitted to the Union; and Puerto Rico has no intention of giving up either its Spanish or its Spanishness, which after all reflects 400 of the 500 years of its existence.

More troubling is the second objection: that Puerto Rico has a small but vocal minority that favors independence and disdains statehood even more than the status quo. This movement is weak in the electorate but strong among the island's cultural elites and on its campuses. The effects of statehood on the fortunes of the independence movement would be hard to predict. It might lose strength or it might gain strength. What is certain is that in the context of statehood, the views of this group would be not so much dissenting as seditious.

Moreover, the goals of this group would continue to be shared by a terrorist underground, which has suggested that it will turn Puerto Rico into another Belfast in the event of statehood. Whether or not this is a bluff, the *independencistas* have certainly used violence in the past—most spectacularly in the attempted assassination of President Truman in 1950, the shooting up of the chamber of the House of Representatives in 1954, and the 1975 bombing of Fraunces Tavern in New York's financial district. Terrorists should not enjoy a veto power over admissions to the American Union, of course. But there is nothing cheering about the prospect, a century and a quarter after Appomattox, of creating a state with a built-in secessionist movement.

Marginal though that movement would probably remain, it has and would continue to have authentic roots in Puerto Rican culture and history. What if, in the course of time, it should win the support of a majority of the people of the state of Puerto Rico? The Constitution makes provision for the admission of states to the Union but is silent on how they may withdraw. The last time something of the kind was tried—in 1860—the results were sanguinary. In the age of Lithuania, Kashmir, and Quebec, no doubt the American government would be capable of devising a nonviolent solution to a secessionist crisis in one of the several states. But there is no evidence that the proponents of Puerto Rican statehood have given the matter even a moment's thought.

And then there is the question of dollars. We must concede, first of all, that in its most commonly invoked form, the cost-benefit case against Puerto Rican statehood is dishonest. The basic claim is that both the United States and Puerto Rico would suffer financially. Thus, the United States, once Puerto Rican citizens were eligible for full welfare benefits (which are now capped), would send massive payments to the island, nearly half of whose 3.3 million residents qualify for federal food assistance. And as for Puerto Rico, its economy would suffer as American businesses, deprived of the U.S. tax exemption they now get, left the island. (According to the Congressional Budget Office, the altered tax status would cut the island's growth rate in half over the next decade.)

What's wrong with this logic, of course, is that it neglects, or at least downplays, the flip sides of the two coins: (*a*) the flow of funds *into* the U.S. Treasury from newly tax-paying businesses that stay on the island, and from Puerto Rican workers, who would now be subject to taxation; (*b*) the flow of welfare payments *to* the many poor Puerto Ricans who need them. There is some rough sense in which all the pluses and minuses have to cancel out; statehood may hurt the United States or Puerto Rico, but it's hard to see how it could do both.

Still, there is reason to wonder whether the game is as zero-sum as this sounds. If there is one clear lesson from the many frustrations in the War on Poverty, it is that a dollar earned isn't the same as a dollar handed out. It is probably better for Puerto Rico—for its work ethic, its social fabric, its economic future—if subsidies

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from the mainland are mediated by employers than if they come straight from the government, gratis. Nourishing Puerto Rico's welfare culture while diluting its industrial base doesn't do the island a big favor. And the binding resolution, as now written, would hide this stark prospect from the voters. Full welfare benefits would arrive along with statehood, while taxes—on both businesses and individuals—would phase in gradually.

Seen in the light of economics, President Bush's support of statehood takes on an odd aspect. In its status as commonwealth, the island is a model of the administration's professed strategy for fighting poverty. It is, in the terminology of HUD Secretary Jack Kemp, a giant enterprise zone, in which job creation is encouraged through tax subsidies, while disincentives to work (i.e., welfare payments) are dampened. And the strategy has arguably shown some success; though Puerto Rico's per capita income is half of Mississippi's, it has risen impressively in recent decades, to a level well above those of most of its Caribbean neighbors. Now Bush proposes to invert the incentive structure, turning the island into a Jack Kemp nightmare.

What's the real reason? Through historical happenstance, the Republican Party finds itself affiliated with the island's pro-statehood New Progressive Party. Apparently Bush wants to make the most of this odd inheritance—style himself as the father of Puerto Rican statehood, and hope to push the new state into the Republican category. He has zero chance of succeeding. Once the deal is done, and Puerto Ricans find their congressional representatives immersed in time-honored debates over social spending and tax progressivity, they will flock to the Democratic Party. Having championed statehood will do Republicans about as much good with Puerto Ricans as being the party of Lincoln now does them with blacks.

It is tempting to root secretly for statehood in hopes of watching the whole thing blow up in Bush's face. But until someone can powerfully argue that statehood is in the interests of the union—or, really, of Puerto Rico—we'll settle for sending two black Democrats from the District of Columbia into the Senate, where they can monitor Bush's efforts to be president of all the people.

NOTEBOOK

DEMERIT PAY: Three headlines in the May 3 *New York Times* Business section illustrate what's wrong with General Motors: (1) G.M. UNITS HAD MIXED FIRST PERIOD; (2) G.M. INCREASES REBATES; and (3) G.M. SEEKS SHARP INCREASES IN TOP EXECUTIVES' PENSIONS. The first story reports that profits are down this year, the second that GM is increasing the bribes it pays to get people to buy Chevys and Oldsmobiles, and the third that the company wants to raise the pension of retiring chairman Roger B. Smith from $700,000 to $1.25 million. What's the big idea here? It's not as if another company is going to pay him a larger pension if GM doesn't. Is he threatening to sell GM's secret for making efficient, reliable, low-priced cars? Not likely. In fact, the gratuitous bonus demonstrates the technique perfected by Detroit executives of taking ever more generous care of themselves while their companies slump. If ever anyone didn't deserve a raise, it is Roger Smith. During his nine-year reign, GM's share of the domestic auto market has sunk from 45 percent to 34 percent. He laid off more than 100,000 workers. *Consumer Reports* ranks the quality of GM cars dead last out of the six biggest companies that sell in the United States. Come to think of it, maybe GM should pay Smith whatever he demands—in exchange for his going far, far away.

OPEN BAR: One looked in vain for the "Paid Advertisement" warning on *Newsweek*'s story about John F. Kennedy Jr. failing the New York bar exam last week. The article pretends to be a letter to Kennedy from Stanley D. Chess, president of the BAR/BRI bar review course, advising him on how to pass the test next time he takes it. But it's too close to the real thing for comfort. Making the pitch for the company, the "letter" notes: "That's why most law-school graduates sign up for my company's course—the largest in the nation—or one like it." Somewhere in America, a p.r. person is laughing. You can't buy publicity like that.

CRUCIAL POINT: Here's the Szep cartoon, much scaled down, that ran in the Sunday *Boston Globe* on May 6. The caption reads, "James Baker's road to peace in the Middle East is long and hard." That's Baker as Jesus, of course, and Yitzhak Shamir as the cross. How to describe the choice of imagery—infelicitous, perhaps? Tasteless? Offensive? Oh, well. Perhaps the artist means only to say that Baker, who supposedly aspires to replace Dan Quayle and then to succeed George Bush, actually entertains even higher ambitions.

James Baker's road to peace in the Middle East is long and hard.

NOTES FROM NEVER-NEVER LAND: Pat Buchanan is pitching his new insider newsletter *From the Right* to the besieged Republican minority. He promises an inside glimpse at powerful left-wing special interest groups like "the trendsetters in Hollywood and New York, ever more bizarre, ever more influential," and "those charming Feminists, and you know the ones I mean." As is well known, these crazy radicals are running the country. Buchanan hopes his publication will

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appeal to all conservatives, members of the "tiny group facing a tidal wave of liberalism." Ground control to former speechwriter: your tiny group has been on top for ten years now. Quit wallowing in defeat. It's time for a graceful acknowledgment of victory.

WELCOME: This week we are delighted to expand our masthead to include Stanley Crouch as a contributing editor. Crouch is a jazz critic and a social critic, and the author, most recently, of *Notes of a Hanging Judge* (Oxford University Press). His work has appeared in *The Village Voice*, *The New York Times*, and *Esquire*, as well as in our pages. TNR readers will recall, most recently, his widely discussed essay on Miles Davis in our February 12 issue. Welcome aboard, and start making trouble. •

Tinkering with the voices of America.

FINE TUNING

By Morton Kondracke

If ever there was an American foreign policy success story, it's in international broadcasting. By the testimony of everyone from Vaclav Havel and Lech Walesa to ordinary people in the streets of Bucharest and Beijing, democracy would not be what (and where) it is today without the two U.S. foreign broadcast networks, the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. And yet the Bush administration and Congress are not thinking in terms of major expansions into still unfree areas of the world such as the Middle East and Southern Africa, or into new technologies such as direct satellite TV broadcasting. Rather, the talk is of reprogramming, consolidation, and, at best, maintenance of effort.

There is also a leadership vacuum. White House aides acknowledge that the Bush administration places a far lower priority on "public diplomacy"—communication with the world's people—than the Reagan administration did. President Bush, a devotee of phone chats with foreign leaders, has no top National Security Council officer in charge of public diplomacy. Officials say that in the minds of Bush and Secretary of State James Baker, the whole concept conjures up visions of Oliver North and William Casey selling the contras to America, rather than radio broadcasts about Poland and Hungary inspiring movements toward freedom in Czechoslovakia and Romania.

Bush chose Bruce Gelb as director of the U.S. Information Agency and arguably the top official in charge of public diplomacy. Gelb, an amiable and earnest man, reputedly was a whiz at selling consumer products at Bristol-Myers and says Bush has been his hero ever since he saved Gelb from a bully in prep school. Gelb is no politician or bureaucratic infighter, though, and his seeming lack of policy influence with Baker and Bush has some USIA officials creating revisionist recollections of the imperious Charles Wick, once feared but now fondly remembered for hugely increasing USIA's budget.

Gelb has been in a running battle with VOA director Richard Carlson, a Reagan appointee, over budget and authority. When Carlson announced impending cancellation of broadcasting in six languages as a device to force money out of USIA, Gelb fired him—only to have Carlson get the White House to reverse the decision. Gelb says the quarrel is over, but VOA makes no bones about its yen to be independent of USIA, and officials gibe at Gelb for failing to show up when Havel made an emotional visit to thank broadcasters from the Czech service for helping to get him out of jail and into power. Gelb says he did not want to steal VOA's glory.

A key test of Bush's seriousness of purpose about international broadcasting will come when he announces new members for the Board for International Broadcasting, the government-funded but bureaucratically independent body that runs Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, which broadcast to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, respectively. The White House reportedly has decided not to reappoint Democrats Ben Wattenberg and Michael Novak, but to retain chairman Malcolm Forbes Jr., *Reader's Digest* editor Ken Tomilson, and AFL-CIO president Lane Kirkland. Though cheered about those reappointments, BIB executives are worried about reports that new appointees will include Bush campaign contributors inexperienced in foreign affairs or broadcasting, although other names being bandied about—former Reagan speechwriter Peggy Noonan and former U.S. Embassy spokesman in Vietnam Barry Zorthian—suggest intent on somebody's part for the radios to keep their edge.

The move from totalitarianism to democracy in Eastern Europe raises legitimate questions about the future of U.S. foreign broadcasting. Short-term changes are being considered by an administration interagency task force coordinated by National Security Council aide Nancy Bearg Dyke. The group probably will recommend some consolidation of current RFE and VOA activities in Eastern Europe, but it will not tackle highly contentious longer term questions, including possible consolidation of the two U.S. broadcast operations into one. A major study by a presidential commission has been recommended by Representative Dante Fascell, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. It is being fought by USIA, which fears it will lead to the breakup of the agency along lines proposed by Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman Claiborne Pell and his chief aide, Peter Galbraith.

A sensible consensus now exists around the idea that RFE should continue broadcasting to Eastern Europe for

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the next few years, serving as it has all during the cold war as a surrogate national news service for populations deprived of dependable information. VOA, by contrast, traditionally reports world and American news, although in Cuba (through Radio Marti) and elsewhere it does serve as an alternate source of local news.

Even RFE/RL president Gene Pell acknowledges that the need and demand for RFE is falling in Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, although he notes that Havel and others still want it as a "critical mirror" against which to judge newly emerging domestic media. In Hungary, for instance, only RFE gave time to all the parties running in recent elections. There will be a longer term need for RFE in Romania and Bulgaria. Both RFE and VOA now are shifting their programming to the "how to's" of democracy and capitalism—including everything from Robert's Rules of Order to lessons in banking and readings of The Federalist. No one foresees any need to cut back on broadcasting to the Soviet Union, where Radio Liberty is the No. 1 station, with 30 percent of the population listening in. Although jamming has stopped and glasnost permits wide discussion of almost anything, there's a desperate need for accurate local reporting.

Major gaps that either RFE/RL or VOA still need to fill are in the Baltics, Yugoslavia, and Albania. At the moment, combined U.S. services broadcast only four hours a day in Baltic languages, a little over an hour in Serbo-Croatian, a half hour in Slovene, and an hour in Albanian. The United States broadcasts just four hours in Armenian and Azerbaijani, three hours in Uzbek, two in Afghan, two in Vietnamese, two in Swahili (one of the languages VOA wanted to dump), and one in Hausa, the language of West Africa. VOA broadcasts fifteen hours a day in Russian, and Radio Liberty broadcasts twenty-four, but the United States broadcasts only twelve hours in Mandarin Chinese, none (until next year) in Tibetan, and only nine to the whole Arabic-speaking world. Some 150 million people speak Tamil, but the United States does not reach them at all, and it broadcasts only two hours per day in Hindi.

Largely thanks to Wick, the United States is embarked on a VOA modernization program that (if Congress actually appropriates the money) will expand this country's capacity to broadcast from Thailand, Israel, Morocco, and Botswana. Originally Wick proposed a $1.3 billion rebuilding program, but VOA inefficiency and Gramm-Rudman cuts caused that to be sliced to $600 million, which meant scaling back on efforts to reach South America and parts of Africa, and on upgrading of thirty-year-old equipment around the world. VOA's operating budget actually fell from 1989 to 1990, and the 1991 request is still $13 billion short of what's required to maintain current levels of service and meet new congressional requirements. Some critics do question whether VOA isn't getting too much into rock music and talky trivia. VOA officials say it's in response to congressional mandates to serve the "successor generation."

Ideally, the United States should be planning to have a first-rate radio broadcasting service all over the world, reporting local news where domestic services don't and world news and Americana everywhere. It should serve Americans abroad with in-depth English-language news. And gradually it should move into broadcasting television in local languages by satellite. But major battles lie ahead over the money for such an effort and over who will spend it. One major plan, by VOA researcher Kim Andrew Elliott, is for a single independent broadcast agency to absorb VOA, RFE/RL, the USIA's small Worldnet television operation, Radio Marti, and TV Marti. Elliott contends the new service would eliminate duplications of effort and gaps between services, save money that could be spent on new programming, and give U.S. broadcasting the same credibility that the independently managed British Broadcasting Corporation now enjoys.

Elliott's ideas have merit—especially if a combined Radio America were overseen and managed by Forbes, Pell, and the present RFE/RL team. But they'll be fought by VOA, which merely wants to absorb RFE/RL and escape from USIA, and by USIA, which wants to keep VOA lest it be totally dismembered. Galbraith and Pell want USIA's cultural and exchange programs to be hived off to the Smithsonian Institution or the Library of Congress, its embassy information functions to go to the State Department, and the broadcasting services to be independent. The long-term resolution of this conflict probably does require a presidential commission of top-flight appointees—but also a president who truly cares about public diplomacy. •

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BLACK BACKING

By Fred Barnes

Whitney Houston, the black pop singer, was a tad awestruck when she, her mother, two brothers, and press agent visited President Bush on May 2 for a twenty-minute chat. She'd been invited to the White House as the first official "point of light contributing leader" for her philanthropic work. "I can't believe I'm in the Oval Office," she said. Bush played along. "Sometimes I can't believe I'm here either," he said. "I have to pinch myself."

Bush is a disciplined charmer. He tries hard to win people over, and usually succeeds. Last February, at the drug summit in Cartagena, Colombia, he concentrated on President Alan García of Peru, a harsh critic

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of Bush's policies. Within hours, García was brimming with praise for Bush. Houston got the full treatment. When she mentioned she'd hoped to meet Barbara Bush, the president got on the phone. "Bar, I've got Whitney Houston and her mother and brothers here," he said. "They'd like to meet you. You in the middle of something?" She was, but she dropped by anyway with Millie, the dog. Mrs. Bush and Houston hugged warmly. The president asked his wife if she had time to show Houston around the White House residence. She did. So off they went to the Lincoln Bedroom. They wound up on the Truman Balcony, waving to no one in particular on the South Lawn and Ellipse.

I'm convinced that personal encounters like this, repeated dozens of times in Bush's sixteen months as president, are responsible (at least in part) for his extraordinary popularity among blacks. Bush is a master of the kind gesture, many of them aimed at black friends and acquaintances. When he attended services at John Wesley AME Church in Washington last January, Bush noticed that all of the dignitaries had been introduced by the preacher except Joseph Watkins, the black White House aide who'd done advance work for the event. Bush reached over, tapped Watkins on the shoulder, and asked about his children. When the members of the Congressional Black Caucus came to a White House reception, Bush led them on an upstairs tour and showed them a copy of the Emancipation Proclamation handwritten by Abraham Lincoln. "These things don't get media attention," says a White House official. "But the black community, with its lines of communication, knows what's going on."

Are blacks being schmoozed? Of course they are. They know that. But it's sincere schmooze. (Whites are schmoozed by Bush, too, but I'm not sure they're aware of it.) Bush likes to get together with blacks. At a black charity banquet in 1984, Barbara Bush told Doug Wead, now a White House official, that Bush "wants to reach out. He cares. It won't get us one single vote, and we don't care." Actually it's very good politics and may produce some votes. What blacks get is access at the highest level in Washington. Bush participated in about forty separate black events in his first year as president. "That's more than Ronald Reagan did in eight years," says Robert Teeter, Bush's pollster and political adviser. NAACP director Benjamin Hooks has met with Bush five times; he met with Reagan once in eight years. The meetings give blacks an opportunity to press their issues (Bush is a good listener). In January Hooks and other blacks voiced alarm over the rash of letter bombs sent to civil rights leaders. Bush brought in Attorney General Richard Thornburgh and FBI director William Sessions to give the Hooks group an update on the case. Then Bush told Thornburgh and Sessions to pursue their investigation aggressively.

Bush is helped enormously simply by the fact that he's not Reagan. Reagan alienated blacks early on in his administration and made little effort to repair the damage. In 1981 he foolishly decided to weaken the Voting Rights Act. In 1982 his administration sought to give tax-exempt status to Bob Jones University and scores of segregated academies in the South. This generated a fire storm of protest. On South Africa, Reagan was an ardent foe of sanctions. He vetoed sanctions legislation. He opposed the creation of a national holiday honoring Martin Luther King Jr., even suggesting at a press conference that King was a stooge of Communists. Reagan got the worst of both worlds on these issues. He lost—he was forced to sign a significantly toughened Voting Rights Act, for example—and also made himself poison to blacks.

But the contrast between Reagan and Bush can't fully explain Bush's popularity among blacks. After all, as vice president, Bush let it be known through aides that he disagreed with Reagan—in fact, lobbied Reagan—on voting rights and Bob Jones. That didn't help much in the 1988 election, when he got 10 or 11 percent of the black vote. Now his approval rating among blacks has jumped above 70 percent in some polls. Teeter's surveys peg Bush in the mid-60s, about 10 percentage points below his standing among whites. "I haven't seen a single poll where he didn't have a big majority [among blacks]," says Teeter.

My guess is that any president who wasn't Reagan would have gained 20 points or so, getting him into the 40s, merely by avoiding acts of hostility toward blacks. The economy also helps. Like everyone else, blacks benefit from sustained economic growth. And Bush's orders to his headhunters to recruit blacks for the administration were well publicized. Normally it's not easy for a Republican president to sign up blacks, but Bush has done reasonably well. Ron Kaufmann, the deputy White House personnel chief, points out that though 5.8 percent of senior career officials of the federal government are minorities (black, Hispanic, Asian), 13 percent of senior political appointees are.

All this gets Bush to about 45 percent popularity with blacks, good for a GOP president but not in the stratosphere of poll numbers. The extra 20 percentage points come from the good vibes Bush gives off to blacks by rubbing shoulders with them and taking their concerns seriously. Hooks noted to Juan Williams of *The Washington Post* that "Bush comes from the old-line, moderate wing of the Republican Party like his father before him. He doesn't trace his political line to Barry Goldwater, who turned Republicans away from black people." This wing traces its ancestry back to nineteenth-century abolitionists. For Bush, caring about blacks is a duty, one he performs eagerly and comfortably. There's an elitist, noblesse oblige quality about it, but it sure beats the Reagan approach.

Neither Bush nor his aides can describe exactly how he conveys his good feelings toward blacks. "There's some body language that communicates it," says Teeter. Evan Kemp, the chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, told a White House aide that Bush has an ineffable way of communicating his openness to people, like the disabled or blacks,

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who tend to feel excluded. At a White House lunch in April with black publishers, John Johnson of *Ebony* told Bush that when blacks see a picture of him or Mrs. Bush holding a black baby with AIDS, "they can tell you really care." Bush later repeated this to aides and expressed bewilderment. "How they can see that in a picture, I don't know," he said.

Bush's relationship with blacks has weathered several squalls. His dwelling on Willie Horton, the black murderer, in his 1988 campaign drew sharp criticism. But "the white liberal press is the only one who saw that as racism," argues Roger Ailes, Bush's hard-nosed media adviser. If most blacks did, it's inconceivable that they now would regard Bush as warmly as they do. Nor have Bush's moderate-to-conservative policies driven blacks away. I suspect that blacks, like whites, don't expect to fund domestic programs lavishly in light of the deficit.

A storm may be brewing. The Civil Rights Act of 1990, which would overturn or modify five Supreme Court decisions of last year, is the top priority of black leaders. Last November the Black Leadership Forum met with Bush at the White House and urged him to endorse it. He said no, but asked them to send along any information that might change his mind. He wasn't persuaded. Instead, Bush went along with Thornburgh's advice to sponsor modest legislation that would curb two of the decisions. With White House approval, in April Thornburgh said he and other senior advisers would recommend a veto of the Civil Rights Act of 1990, which has been approved by committees in the Senate and House. Thornburgh complained the bill would encourage employers to adopt "surreptitious quotas" and would allow "monetary" damages, not just back pay, in job discrimination suits under the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

The chances of a Bush veto are slim to none. A senior Bush adviser says the threat still stands, but Bush is willing to negotiate. Another aide says a "face-saving compromise" is likely. Bush doesn't want to throw away the fruits of his relentless courtship of blacks. Why should he? Teeter guesses Bush might double his share of the black vote in 1992 (to 22 percent or so).

Now the wooing has become routine at the White House. After the summit in Palm Springs with Japanese Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu, Bush dropped by the residence of mogul Walter Annenberg to collect a $50 million donation to the United Negro College Fund, of which Bush is honorary co-chairman. Back in Washington, the White House hired Greg Anthony, the black point guard on the University of Nevada at Las Vegas's NCAA championship basketball team (and a Young Republican), to work on plans for the economic summit in Houston in July. At a ceremony in April for the National Teacher of the Year (who is Hispanic), Bush also honored John Morton-Finney, a 100-year-old black scholar. Bush thinks he's on to something, and he is. •

Imelda of the Many Shoes.

SHOPPING A PLEA

By Joseph Treen

NEW YORK

Courtroom 318 in the U.S. District Court in Lower Manhattan has seen its share of celebrity cases. It is where Leona Helmsley was convicted, Bess Myerson was acquitted, and General William Westmoreland fought CBS to a draw. This time it is the stage for the federal racketeering and fraud trial of Imelda Marcos and Adnan Khashoggi, which, given the desultory state of Broadway these days, is just about the best show in town.

Imelda has the starring role, of course. The former Philippine First Lady sits quietly at the defense table, dressed in black, watching the proceedings with a sad, bewildered look on her face. Only her hands seem to move—clutching the arms of her chair, fingering a black rosary, fussing with a black handkerchief. Not since *Othello* has a handkerchief been such an effective dramatic device. Whenever her attorney praised her late husband, Ferdinand, during opening arguments, she started to cry and used it to dab her eyes. What was remarkable was that she dabbed first and cried afterward.

The prosecution contends that Imelda and Ferdinand, through kickbacks, bribes, or outright theft, stole some $222 million in the Philippines and then illegally invested most of the money in the United States. First they laundered it through banks in Switzerland, Hong Kong, Los Angeles, and Manila. Then they used it to buy antiques, ceramics, artwork, jewelry, and four Manhattan office buildings. The purchases were all made using dummy corporations or "nominees"—other people—so that no one would know who the true owners were. After the government of Corazon Aquino tried to acquire the buildings in 1986, Khashoggi allegedly doctored some documents so it would look as if he—and not the Marcoses—owned them. Several other charges against Khashoggi were dropped last year as part of a deal to win his extradition from Switzerland, which does not recognize American racketeering laws.

The government's case was presented to the jury by Assistant U.S. Attorney Debra Livingston using that flat, mechanical cadence peppered with clichés that federal prosecutors love. Imelda and Ferdinand were "partners in crime." They spun "a web of fraud and corruption." Imelda treated the New York branch of the Philippine National Bank "as her own personal piggy bank," a line that prompted *New York Newsday* to

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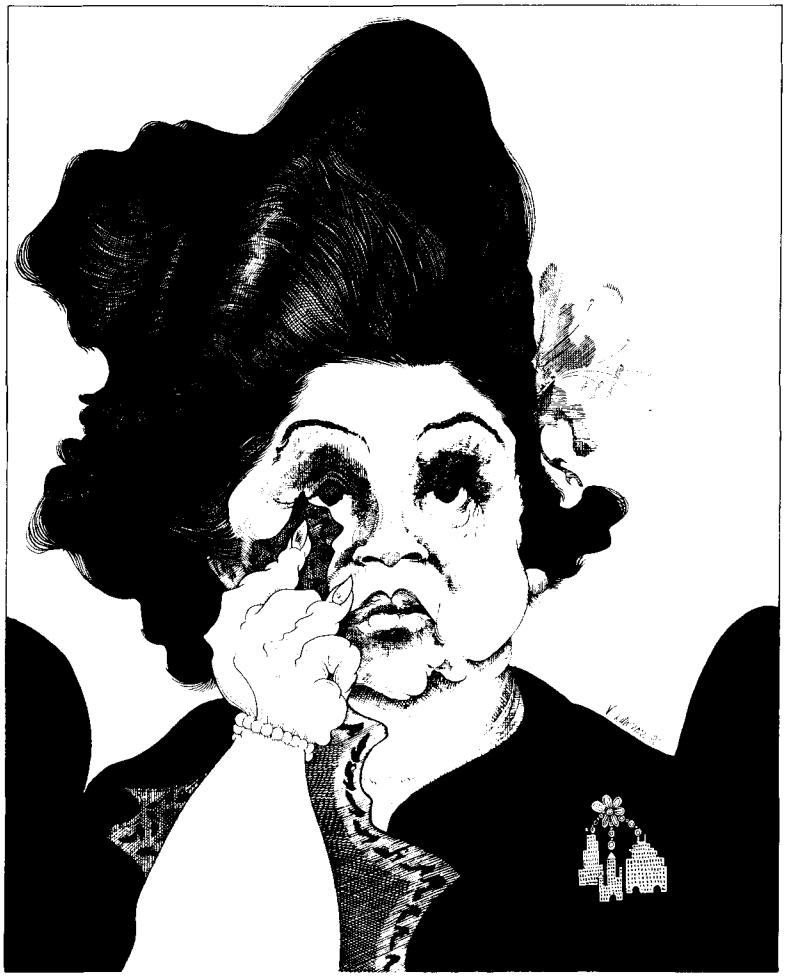
run Imelda's picture on page one under the banner headline, "OINK!" (The paper also runs a fresh picture of Imelda's shoes as she enters court every day—with comments like, "Haven't we seen these before?")

Despite her droning delivery, Livingston managed to heighten the drama by using what actors call physicality. She stood directly in front of the jury box, but she faced Imelda. Sometimes she pointed an accusatory finger; most of the time she just stared. This woman did this, this woman did that. Imelda could do little but stare back. Sometimes they went five, ten, fifteen seconds staring at each other. Neither blinked.

Imelda is being defended by a team of lawyers headed by the colorful Gerry Spence, a six-foot-two down-home boy from Wyoming. He wears Western jackets, cowboy boots, and a white ten-gallon hat atop a mane of silver-blond hair. *The Los Angeles Times* reports that Spence is known out West as "the Lone Ranger Lawyer" who likes to defend little people. He claims to have taken the case of Imelda Marcos because he decided she was a lonely widow in a strange country who needed his help.



IMELDA MARCOS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Spence was reputed to be one of the best litigators in the country, until his opening remarks. First he blatantly pandered to the lone Jewish juror by claiming that Imelda's uncle cast the deciding vote in the United Nations to create the nation of Israel. U.S. District Court Judge John F. Keenan promptly cut him off. "That has nothing to do whatsoever with the issues in this case," he snapped. "Desist from that type of argument." Spence later likened Ferdinand Marcos to George Washington because they both commingled personal and government funds, and to Abraham Lincoln because they both declared martial law. Each time Keenan came down on him so hard that Spence asked for a mistrial. Motion denied.

Spence argues that Imelda was "just a wife" who hadn't a clue what her husband was up to (and what he was up to was in any case perfectly legitimate). And Ferdinand and Imelda did not loot their homeland. They didn't need to—they were already rich. According to Spence, Ferdinand found the legendary Yamashita Hoard of gold and jewels supposedly hidden in a cave by Japanese invaders during World War II. And he says he has a witness.

Spence also contends that Marcos broke no Philippine laws since Marcos *was* the law. Any payments Ferdinand (not Imelda) extracted from companies were not kickbacks or bribes, but a "tax" for a special fund to be used in the event of a Communist takeover. Spence admits that Ferdinand *did* invest that money in the United States but insists it was at the suggestion of then-Vice President George Bush. The money's circuitous movement out of the Philippines was to deceive Communist insurgents and was monitored by the CIA. He says he will prove all this through witnesses after the prosecution rests its case. He even intends to subpoena Bush (if Keenan, a Reagan appointee, will let him).

So far the charges against Mrs. Marcos have upstaged her co-star—no mean feat. Khashoggi has regained the weight he lost while languishing in a Swiss jail for three months fighting extradition. Now he wanders nervously around the courtroom during breaks, talking to reporters, federal marshals, relatives, lawyers, anyone but Imelda. The two act as if they barely know each other, which happens to be half of Khashoggi's defense. His lawyer, James Paul Linn, a tall, Walter Pidgeon look-alike from Oklahoma City, spends most of his time looking bored—another demonstration that Khashoggi had little to do with anything Imelda may have cooked up.

The other half of the Khashoggi defense is that the Saudi arms dealer is, well, stupid. Khashoggi's lawyer says his client was duped by a bunch of wily Filipinos—Ferdinand, Imelda, and friends. To explain all the phone calls between Khashoggi and the Marcos clan, Linn presented the jury with another tale of Ferdinand and gold. Ferdinand, Linn said, told Khashoggi there was a ship on the high seas filled with gold that he hoped

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to use to finance an army to overthrow Aquino. And he offered Khashoggi 10 percent if he would find a safe port for it. "Believe it or not, Mr. Khashoggi believed him," Linn said. The question is whether the jury should believe Khashoggi.

Most of the testimony has thus far focused on Imelda. What has been emerging is a new version of an old story: Imelda of the Many Shoes. The former head of the government-owned Philippine National Bank in New York testified that every time she came to New York—two or three times a year—he had to provide her personal secretary, Fe Roa Jimenez, with $100,000 in cash four or five times each trip. Mrs. Marcos paid back some of the money, but by no means all of it. By the time New York state's bank examiners started questioning the debits, she had run up a tab of $22 million.

Also introduced into evidence were a stack of steno pads, kept by Jimenez, listing Imelda's expenses during her trips abroad. Among the items were a $1 million down payment on a painting by Michelangelo, more than $2.3 million in jewelry purchased in just over a month, plus an average of $10,000 a day for shopping. Nothing seemed to stop Imelda from buying things. She even shopped in midair, spending $15,022 on a 1983 KLM flight from Amsterdam to New York.

A great deal of testimony has been devoted to a co-op apartment at 67th and Park that Imelda tried to buy in 1981 for $8 million. It is a small part of the story, but the prosecution is apparently using it as a prototype so the jury can understand more complicated financial transactions later. By any standard, the apartment is incredible: three stories, twenty-two rooms, nine baths, five hallways, winding stairways, a fifty-foot ballroom with thirty-five-foot ceiling. But there was one hitch. Imelda didn't want to buy it in her own name. First she asked an agent for Sotheby's real estate division if a corporation could be the owner. When he said no, she asked him if he would purchase it for her, in his name. After he declined, the honor went to Gliceria Tantoco, the bluest of Imelda's "blue ladies," the upper-class Filipino women who clustered around her. Unfortunately, a hard-nosed co-op board squelched the deal.

That didn't stop Imelda from paying $5.9 million for the contents of the apartment: seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artwork, furniture, ceramics, etc. On paper, Tantoco—not Mrs. Marcos—is the official buyer of the collection. Tantoco promptly turned the title over to an export-import company that pledged to take it out of the country, thereby avoiding New York state sales tax. Two witnesses said they later saw some of the art in a Manhattan townhouse owned by the Philippine government. Two other witnesses testified that a large quantity of the collection was eventually found in the Woodside, California, home of the Marcoses' daughter Irene. And the former head of the Philippine National Bank in New York testified that he arranged for payment at the request of Jimenez.

Aside from reporters, the audience in Courtroom 318 is made up of mainly Filipinos. The Marcos supporters sit in the last three rows on the right; Aquino's backers are on the left. The only audience that counts, of course, are the five men and seven women sitting at stage left with dazed looks on their faces. They include workers for Con Ed, the post office, the Transit Authority, and the phone company. But sometime this summer they will become history-makers. Imelda Marcos is the first wife of a foreign leader to be tried in a U.S. court. The outcome of the trial could set a precedent for future cases involving world leaders. Manuel Noriega, no doubt, is watching closely.

JOSEPH TREEN is covering the trial for *The Boston Globe*.

Sweet charity in North Carolina.

SENATOR ALMS

By Charles Babington

The Moral Majority has closed its doors. Conservative direct-mail wizard Richard Viguerie has sold his Virginia office building to Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. The Fund for a Conservative Majority, which ranked among the nation's four richest PACs in the first three elections of the 1980s, now can't crack the top fifty. These are hard times for right-wing fund-raisers. With the Berlin Wall in pieces and the ever accommodating George Bush as president, the movement has lost its momentum. But there's one far-right fund-raiser who's comfortably surviving the cold war thaw: Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina.

Helms's direct-mail operation remains among the nation's biggest, boldest, and wealthiest. The 1990 Helms for Senate Committee—which is only one arm of his money-raising organization, headed by the National Congressional Club in Raleigh—has so far hauled in $5.6 million through $10 and $20 checks from donors all over the country. (Less than 20 percent of Helms's money comes from North Carolina.) That puts it roughly on schedule with his 1984 campaign, which set the all-time Senate record by raising $16 million. Helms beat Governor Jim Hunt that year. This year he easily defeated two minor Republican challengers in the May 8 primary and now awaits a June 5 Democratic runoff to see whether his opponent will be former Charlotte Mayor Harvey Gantt or Southport District Attorney Michael Easley.

Helms still succeeds where other conservatives fail because he has replaced the bogeyman of Marxism with the horrors of homosexuality, AIDS, and "perverted art," and because he carefully synchronizes his fund-raising letters with his Senate speeches (broadcast na-

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tionwide by C-SPAN). Beyond that, his direct-mail formula has barely changed: Announce a new campaign crisis every week. Ask the same people for money often enough to make a televangelist blush. Launch a bitter, highly publicized Senate fight just when the money operation needs to hit high gear. (In 1984 it was the Martin Luther King holiday battle; this year it's arts funding.) And lace nearly every letter with racial code words. Sometimes his writers put it all in one sentence. "Since Jesse refuses to compromise conservative principles, the union bosses, Jesse Jackson's crowd, the radical feminists, and the homosexuals are all out for Jesse's political hide!" said one of the dozens of letters that have flooded our home since we sent $10 to get on the Helms mailing list in mid-1989.

Helms was a pioneer of political direct mail. When he and Tom Ellis, a Raleigh lawyer, founded the Congressional Club to retire the debt from Helms's 1972 victory, mass-mail fund-raising was virtually unheard of among Senate candidates. Today other conservative direct-mail operations, such as the National Conservative Political Action Committee, are better known. But NCPAC is nearly $4 million in debt, and it raised only $328,000 last year. The Congressional Club, meanwhile, was the nation's richest or second-richest PAC in four of the five election cycles of the 1980s. Although the club recently showed a debt of about $700,000 (stemming from its 1987-88 slump), it raised more than $1.4 million last year. And Congressional Club revenue doesn't include the income of its affiliated groups. Most of the club's income is plowed back into fund-raising, always building and refining the mailing lists that fuel the Helms political engine.

The director of the Congressional Club, Carter Wrenn, won't divulge how many letters his operation churns out, or which ones are the most lucrative. You can walk right into the club's headquarters, but you need a security code to enter the rooms where the mass-mail machines hum. Still, the length of the Congressional Club's mailing lists (and ambitions) aren't total mysteries: Helms said he sent out more than a million copies of his 1985 letter urging conservatives to buy CBS stock and become "Dan Rather's boss."

Some of the Helms direct-mail strategy is readily apparent. For example, the campaign constantly varies the size, shape, and color of its envelopes, not to mention its stamps, aware that even dedicated conservatives will sometimes throw away a letter, unopened, if they realize it's only another solicitation. Some letters resemble government mail, with envelopes promoting savings bonds or warning of fines for unauthorized use. An October letter came by certified mail, requiring the recipient to sign for it but giving no hint of its contents. "If I have inconvenienced you in any way, I sincerely apologize," it said. "But I need your help urgently." A hand-addressed Christmas card last year said: "I hope you'll do something special to say 'Merry Christmas' to Senator Helms—and send him a special contribution." It then noted that Gantt is among "the state's leading black politicians." The letter then took swipes at three other blacks: Jesse Jackson, Virginia Governor Doug Wilder, and Ron Brown, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

In fact, nearly every Helms letter describes a black person or institution as part of the enemy. Through the years—as a Raleigh radio and TV commentator in the 1960s, and a senator since 1973—Helms's attacks on "the so-called civil rights movement" and "forced busing" have not been lost on Tar Heel voters. When he denounces "the bloc vote in North Carolina," everyone gets the point. A recent Helms letter said, "One reason Jesse Jackson is campaigning against me is because I opposed the national holiday for Martin Luther King. Because I wanted all Federal Government and FBI files about King made public. . . . And for that matter, don't you agree the American people are entitled to know the whole truth about a certain Senator and what really happened at Chappaquiddick?"

When the Raleigh *News and Observer* ran a long article last September outlining Helms's "well-worn pattern" of injecting campaigns "with the divisive politics of race," Helms called the story a smear. Yet his campaign staff reprinted it and mailed it to thousands of potential donors, after first highlighting, and occasionally quibbling with, fourteen passages. "The liberals flat-out paint Jesse Helms as a racist," said the accompanying letter, in case anyone missed it.

Most of the letters are signed by "Bill Bennett, finance co-chairman." Helms describes Bennett as "a nice young man" from Raleigh. The senator shrugs off the suggestion that people might confuse him with that other Bill Bennett, the drug czar, who maintained his official residence in North Carolina until recently.

Perhaps the biggest boost to Helms's fund-raising has been C-SPAN's telecasting of Senate proceedings—which Helms initially opposed. He says C-SPAN watchers call his office constantly, saying, "Go get 'em, Jess," when he takes the floor to denounce gay activists, welfare programs, or funds for "deviant art." But Helms insists it's not his doing when his mass-mail team sends a letter on the heels of such events. "This business of saying, 'Well, Helms is doing this because of politics,' it just isn't so," he told me. "I don't operate that way. Now, my folks down in Raleigh, they pick up on an issue. What are they supposed to do?"

When Helms began his attacks last summer on the National Endowment for the Arts and its funding of homoerotic photos, the fund-raising potential was obvious. In an interview at the time, he said his political operatives in Raleigh "were highly commendatory about this. But I don't know if they've got any plans. As long as they tell the truth about it, it's OK."

They had plans indeed. An August 18 letter said: "Please rush Jesse Helms a special contribution of $29 today! . . . He needs you to support his legislation to stop the liberals from spending taxpayers' money on perverted, deviant art! . . . All Jesse's legislation would do is stop radical, left-wing artists from getting govern-

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ment money to pay for attacks on Christianity and so-called 'art' that promotes immorality and homosexuality!" The letter, from Bennett, said some federally subsidized photographs "are so utterly disgusting I can't even describe them. Mrs. Helms saw some of the pictures. 'Lord have mercy, Jesse, I'm not believing this,' she said and slammed the book shut!" Eight months later the NEA controversy still primes the money-raising pump. An April 26 letter (on pink stationery) from Helms's daughter Jane Helms Knox says, "The mean-spirited ultra-liberal news media viciously attacked my Dad for opposing the waste of your tax dollars to fund obscene, homosexual 'art.' "

Despite the desperate tone of the letters, federal campaign records show that thousands of people send money to Helms week after week. When *The News and Observer* recently interviewed twenty-five people who had sent him at least two dozen checks since mid-1987, it found their average age was eighty. Earlier I had asked Daisy Wigent, a retiree in Albuquerque, New Mexico, why she once sent Helms sixteen checks for $10 each over a six-month period. "Well," she said, "to me he seems like a sincere man in all his House committees and so forth."

Those sold on Helms's sincerity might note that last fall—when he was outpacing all his opponents twelve-to-one in fund-raising—his campaign issued an "absolutely urgent" call for more money to answer "left-wing radicals." "Frankly," the letter said, "Senator Helms's campaign could be won or lost in the next few weeks. . . . The next smear could hit any day!"

CHARLES BABINGTON is the Washington correspondent for *The News and Observer* of Raleigh, North Carolina.

The mug shot Roger Ailes couldn't touch.

THE MAKING OF WILLIE HORTON

By Martin Schram

Larry McCarthy, a maker of TV ads and political images, sat in his editing room, staring at three mug shots that had just come in the overnight mail. God, this guy's ugly, he thought. Mean-looking, downright menacing. "This is every suburban mother's greatest fear," McCarthy says now, recalling his thoughts of that day late in the summer of 1988 as he wondered whether he dared use in his new campaign ad that photo of—you guessed it—Willie Horton.

That decision by the relatively unknown McCarthy set off repercussions that Republicans have been trying to explain away ever since. Yes, it helped make George Bush what he is today. But it also fueled the now widespread public perception that Bush, Lee Atwater, and their Republican media-meister Roger Ailes used Horton's photo to exploit racism during the 1988 campaign.

The making of Willie Horton as a symbol that outlived the campaign and its promises is one of the more telling tales about the way our presidential politics really works. It was a visual symbol designed by McCarthy, who actually is a moderate and most unprejudiced Republican. And it was disseminated nationally mainly because McCarthy managed to con the television networks—not once, but twice.

Follow along: Larry McCarthy did not work for the Bush campaign. He worked for something called Americans for Bush, an independent group that was part of the hawkish National Security Political Action Committee, headed by retired Admiral Thomas Moorer, a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Bush campaign, where Atwater was campaign manager and Ailes was the message strategist, had no official connection with—and publicly disavowed—Americans for Bush, which was raising its own money and running its own ads. In fact, the Bush campaign was barred by law from contact or coordination with this group.

But there were past ties. McCarthy used to be senior vice president of Ailes Communications. So he figured he could design a media ad campaign that would dovetail nicely with the one Ailes was planning for Bush—without consulting with his old boss. "I know Roger very well," said McCarthy. "I just tried to run it as if I were Roger. I tried to spare him from doing some of these things. I figured they'll go negative [and begin attacking Michael Dukakis in their ads] by mid-September. So I said, I'm going to lead them by about a week or two."

The Bush team had already used the Horton case in its campaign to illustrate how Dukakis was soft on crime—but McCarthy knew the Bush advisers had never used Horton's photo in making their case. Focusing on the Horton case was, surely, fair game. The case was so outrageous that it remains a mystery why any politician could fail to understand that Americans of all races would find it abhorrent. (Horton stabbed a teenage boy to death, dismembered the body, and stuck the penis in the cadaver's mouth. Horton was released on furlough ten times; on the eleventh, he fled, kidnapped a couple, raped the woman, and beat up the man.)

Now, about that photo: late in the summer of '88, as McCarthy looked at the close-up mug shots of Horton, he says he debated with himself. "I debated whether I could get this by the cable television network officials and on the air," McCarthy recalls. "This guy looked like an animal. . . . And frankly, because he was black, I

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Roger & He

In the making of the notorious Willie Horton commercial, Larry McCarthy was not the only one with close ties to Roger Ailes. FEC records show that the ad was actually filmed by Raiford Communications, Inc., a one-man production company with an office in New York City. The proprietor is Jesse T. Raiford, thirty-two, a TV producer and director who, before he went solo sometime in 1988, spent six years making commercials (including dozens of political announcements) at Ailes Communications. The question is whether Raiford actually stopped working for Ailes before the hurried shooting of the Horton commercial for the National Security Political Action Committee during the last few days of August 1988. Ailes and Kathleen Ardleigh, his company's vice president for politics and public affairs, say that Raiford left their employ no later than January of that year.

A copy of Raiford's résumé says the same thing. But it also boasts that he worked on the 1988 Senate races of Republicans John Danforth and Pete Dawkins—both campaigns run by media consultant Ailes. Ardleigh says that Raiford did no work on either the Danforth or Dawkins races but did assist her with a commercial for Rhode Island Governor Edward DiPrete's re-election campaign.

It's also unclear exactly when Raiford left his job with Ailes. Thomas Kalamar, who subleases office space to Raiford Communications and who, according to NSPAC's FEC filing, also provided production services for the Horton ad, says that Raiford set up shop in August 1988—nine months after Raiford says he left Ailes. State filings show that Raiford didn't incorporate his firm until September 2, 1988—two days after the shooting of the Horton commercial. Curiously, the incorporation of this extremely small business was handled by Nixon, Hargrave, Devans & Doyle, one of the largest, most politically influential law firms in New York state.

Only a few months ago the political trade journal *Campaigns & Elections*—in its February 1990 "guide to political products and services"—listed Raiford as the contact for Ailes Communications. F. Clifton Smith, the magazine's director of advertising, said that the research for those listings was compiled between June 1989 and January 1990. "Each company was called individually," Smith said. "We went to great lengths to ensure that every listing was accurate."

Why does any of this matter? Shadowy election-year organs such as NSPAC owe their existence to an enormous constitutional loophole in the laws that limit campaign contributions and expenditures. The hole was created when the Supreme Court decided in 1976 that any laws prohibiting political expenditures by groups or individuals violated the First Amendment. So instead of regulating campaign speech, the FEC sought merely to restrict collaboration between official campaign organizations that accept federal campaign funding, such as Bush-Quayle '88, and so-called independent groups such as NSPAC. If Raiford was working for both Ailes and NSPAC in 1988, then he and/or Ailes may have transgressed the law—specifically the FEC regulation that forbids any form of compensation from the "candidate's committee or agent" to independent expenditure consultants.

Raiford isn't talking about the Horton commercial or his continuing relationship with Ailes Communications. When questioned about whether he worked simultaneously for Ailes and NSPAC, Raiford would only say, "I cannot answer any questions that have to do with my work." Only a few days after it was suggested to Ailes that Raiford's silence seemed suspicious did Raiford issue the following statement: "I emphatically deny that I ever communicated with Roger Ailes, his staff or clients, directly or indirectly, in any way, by any means, at any time, regarding any of my work with the National Security Political Action Committee. To my knowledge, there was absolutely no communication or coordination between anyone associated with the National Security Political Action Committee and Roger Ailes, his staff, or clients, regarding the NSPAC commercials."

Ailes too denies any connection between himself or the Bush campaign and the people responsible for the Horton ad. In April 1989 he issued a press release stating: "TO IMPLY COLLUSION BETWEEN ROGER AILES OR THE BUSH ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN AND THE POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE INVOLVED IN THIS AD IS TO ACCUSE US OF A FELONY." Ailes even says he didn't know that his ex-employees had produced it. "I heard much later that Larry McCarthy had something to do with it, and it surprised me. I didn't even know Jesse was involved." And regarding his own role: "I'm smart enough to know that there's a federal law involved."

The original aim of that federal law was to prevent the kind of underhanded financing that made Nixon's CREEP notorious. In those days secret cash corrupted national politics, and so did dirty tricks; now it is "soft" or "independent" money and dirty media. What makes an independent committee like NSPAC so destructive is its license to pursue gutter politics, often of a racist nature, while allowing the official campaign to maintain a smirking innocence. Against these maneuvers, even the most stringent FEC rules provide practically no barrier.

Moreover, as Ailes and his colleagues know, the chance that anyone, including the FEC, will probe the activities of an independent committee or search out its links to an official campaign is negligible. Although the circumstantial evidence linking the Republican consultant to the Horton ad is considerable, cooperation could be difficult to prove—even in an official inquiry.

"I'm against independent expenditure groups doing these kinds of things," a presumably sincere Ailes told *The Washington Post* in October 1988, because "people will get confused and somehow think that it's linked to the campaign." And that would be terrible. Wouldn't it?

JOE CONASON

Joe Conason, a New York journalist, is working on a national PBS news pilot.

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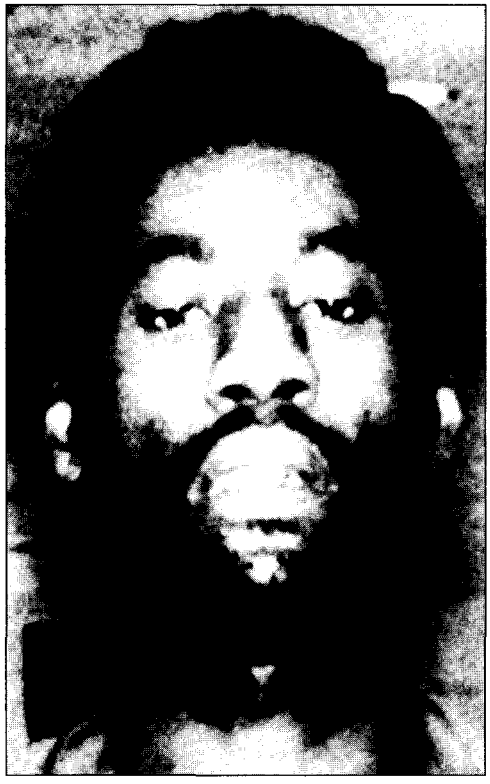
thought longer and harder about putting him in there." McCarthy says he considered whether network officials would view the use of that photo as a racial appeal.

Then, he says, he began to think of reasons for using or not using a murderer's photo in an ad, reasons that he said had nothing to do with race but everything to do with whether the murderer looked menacing or mild-mannered. "If he looked like Ted Bundy [the serial murderer executed in Florida], I probably wouldn't have used his picture, because he looks perfectly normal—like a YR [Young Republican]," McCarthy explains. "But then I said, as an advertising guy, I should have been shot if I didn't use Horton's picture, because the picture says it all. It says this is a bad guy and Dukakis let him out. If it was a picture of a guy who looked like a crazy—an animal—but was white or Hispanic or Oriental, you'd use it. So I decided to put a criminal's picture on the screen."



WILLIE HORTON
AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Con Number One: Actually, McCarthy decided to make two ads. One omitted Horton's photo—that's the one he first sent to the cable networks: Cable News Network, Christian Broadcasting Network, Lifeline, and Arts & Entertainment. "I know they always look at the first spot hard," he says. A few days later he sent the second ad—the one with Horton's mug shot—as a replacement, figuring it would get less intense scrutiny. Each network routinely made the substitution as requested.

Con Number Two: McCarthy didn't have enough money to buy time for the Horton ad on the major broadcast networks. But he found a way to get more free airtime on commercial TV than he could ever buy. He slipped a videotape of his ad featuring the Horton mug shot to the producers of "The McLaughlin Group." They aired the ad on the next show, and the panelists discussed it. So now it was "news." Then the major network news shows aired it too—again, for free—by using it in stories about the ad.

The message was out. The commercial TV news and talk shows did McCarthy's work for him, for free. They carried the pictures that were his message. McCarthy knew that the TV news producers are always ripe for exploitation because they can't resist using any new videotape to wallpaper their news stories. Too many TV producers simply lack the discipline or the guts to just say no.

McCarthy believes it was smart to take his ads to cable networks first because they were less likely to balk at airing that photo of Horton. "The funny thing is, I don't think we could have cleared that spot with the commercial networks if we'd had the money to buy ad time with them," he says, contending the commercial network screening process is tougher. (A Turner Broadcasting System spokesperson says that's not the case with CNN, adding that Turner's vice president for sales, who screens all political and advocacy ads for CNN, has rejected ads that have appeared on the broadcast networks.)

A couple of weeks later Ailes aired his own Bush campaign classic: the revolving jailhouse door. Not only did the Bush campaign's ad not show Horton's photo, it never even mentioned his name. "We very carefully elected not to show him or mention him because we knew we'd be hit with racism," says Ailes. "Well, we still get hit with it. And the press still says I put Willie Horton's picture all over TV. They can't get it right."

Back when McCarthy's TV ad was spreading Horton's mug shot coast to coast, the Bush campaign protested loudly and publicly—with all the anguish of a pro wrestler pounding the mat in feigned pain. The independent Americans for Bush quickly announced it would be happy to yank its ad off the air if Bush campaign chairman James A. Baker III formally requested it.

And lo, Baker did just that—after the Willie Horton mug-shot commercial had run for twenty-five days and had just three days to go before its scheduled expiration.

Epilogue: In politics, as in basketball, some refs permit incidental contact, and others don't. McCarthy says he heard from his former boss once during the campaign. This incidental contact occurred just after McCarthy had begun working for Americans for Bush. "He called me up and he said—too bad, he wanted to hire me [for the Bush campaign] to do negative spots," says McCarthy, "but he couldn't now." Today Ailes says he doesn't remember making the call but doesn't dispute McCarthy's recollection.

Sticklers could argue that Ailes's comment was just the hint McCarthy needed to get the notion that he could help Ailes and Bush by making his own negative ads. Indeed, someone could have asked the Federal Election Commission sharpshooters to make a federal case out of that one phone call. But no one did.

MARTIN SCHRAM, author of *The Great American Video Game: Presidential Politics in the Television Age* (Morrow), writes a nationally syndicated column.

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THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING SOUND BITE

By Kiku Adatto

Standing before a campaign rally in Pennsylvania, the 1968 Democratic vice presidential candidate, Edmund Muskie, tried to speak, but a group of anti-war protesters drowned him out. Muskie offered the hecklers a deal. He would give the platform to one of their representatives if he could then speak without interruption. Rick Brody, the students' choice, rose to the microphone where, to cheers from the crowd, he denounced the candidates that the 1968 presidential campaign had to offer. "Wallace is no answer. Nixon's no answer. And Humphrey's no answer. Sit out this election!" When Brody finished, Muskie made his case for the Democratic ticket. That night Muskie's confrontation with the demonstrators played prominently on the network news. NBC showed fifty-seven seconds of Brody's speech, and more than a minute of Muskie's.

Twenty years later, things had changed. Throughout the entire 1988 campaign, no network allowed either presidential candidate to speak uninterrupted on the evening news for as long as Rick Brody spoke. By 1988 television's tolerance for the languid pace of political discourse, never great, had all but vanished. An analysis of all weekday evening network newscasts (over 280) from Labor Day to Election Day in 1968 and 1988 reveals that the average "sound bite" fell from 42.3 seconds in 1968 to only 9.8 seconds in 1988. Meanwhile the time the networks devoted to visuals of the candidates, unaccompanied by their words, increased by more than 300 percent.

Since the Kennedy-Nixon debates of 1960, television has played a pivotal role in presidential politics. The Nixon campaign of 1968 was the first to be managed and orchestrated to play on the evening news. With the decline of political parties and the direct appeal to voters in the primaries, presidential campaigns became more adept at conveying their messages through visual images, not only in political commercials but also in elaborately staged media events. By the time of Ronald Reagan, the actor turned president, Michael Deaver had perfected the techniques of the video presidency.

For television news, the politicians' mastery of television imagery posed a temptation and a challenge. The temptation was to show the pictures. What network producer could resist the footage of Reagan at Normandy Beach, or of Bush in Boston Harbor? The challenge was to avoid being entangled in the artifice and imagery that the campaigns dispensed. In 1988 the networks tried to have it both ways—to meet the challenge even as they succumbed to the temptation. They showed the images that the campaigns produced—their commercials as well as their media events. But they also sought to retain their objectivity by exposing the artifice of the images, by calling constant attention to their self-conscious design.

The language of political reporting was filled with accounts of staging and backdrops, camera angles and scripts, sound bites and spin control, photo opportunities and media gurus. So attentive was television news to the way the campaigns constructed images for television that political reporters began to sound like theater critics, reporting more on the stagecraft than the substance of politics.

When Bush kicked off his campaign with a Labor Day appearance at Disneyland, the networks covered the event as a performance for television. "In the war of the Labor Day visuals," CBS's Bob Schieffer reported, "George Bush pulled out the heavy artillery. A Disneyland backdrop and lots of pictures with the Disney gang." When Bruce Morton covered Dukakis riding in a tank, the story was the image. "In the trade of politics, it's called a visual," said Morton. "The idea is pictures are symbols that tell the voter important things about the candidate. If your candidate is seen in the polls as weak on defense, put him in a tank."

And when Bush showed up at a military base to observe the destruction of a missile under an arms control treaty, ABC's Brit Hume began his report by telling his viewers that they were watching a media event. "Now, here was a photo opportunity, the vice president watching a Pershing missile burn off its fuel." He went on to describe how the event was staged for television. Standing in front of an open field, Hume reported, "The Army had even gone so far as to bulldoze acres of trees to make sure the vice president and the news media had a clear view."

So familiar is the turn to theater criticism that it is difficult to recall the transformation it represents. Even

KIKU ADATTO, a fellow at Harvard University's Joan Shorenstein Barone Center, is writing a book about TV coverage of the 1968 and '88 campaigns.

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as they conveyed the first presidential campaign "made for television," TV reporters in 1968 continued to reflect the print journalist tradition from which they had descended. In the marriage of theater and politics, politics remained the focus of reporting. The media events of the day—mostly rallies and press conferences—were covered as political events, not as exercises in impression management.

By 1988 television displaced politics as the focus of coverage. Like a gestalt shift, the images that once formed the background to political events—the setting and the stagecraft—now occupied the foreground. (Only 6 percent of reports in 1968 were devoted to theater criticism, compared with 52 percent in 1988.) And yet, for all their image-conscious coverage in 1988, reporters did not escape their entanglement. They showed the potent visuals even as they attempted to avoid the manipulation by "deconstructing" the imagery and revealing its artifice.

To be sure, theater criticism was not the only kind of political reporting on network newscasts in 1988. Some notable "fact correction" pieces offered admirable exceptions. For example, after each presidential debate, ABC's Jim Wooten compared the candidates' claims with the facts. Not content with the canned images of the politicians, Wooten used television images to document discrepancies between the candidates' rhetoric and their records.

Most coverage simply exposed the contrivances of image-making. But alerting the viewer to the construction of television images proved no substitute for fact correction. A superficial "balance" replaced objectivity as the measure of fairness, a balance consisting of equal time for media events, equal time for commercials. But this created a false symmetry, leaving both the press and the public hostage to the play of perceptions the campaigns dispensed.

Even the most critical versions of image-conscious coverage could fail to puncture the pictures they showed. When Bush visited a flag factory in hopes of making patriotism a campaign issue, ABC's Hume reported that Bush was wrapping himself in the flag. "This campaign strives to match its pictures with its points. Today and for much of the past week, the pictures have been of George Bush with the American flag. If the point wasn't to make an issue of patriotism, then the question arises, what was it?" Yet only three days later, in an ABC report on independent voters in New Jersey, the media event that Hume reported with derision was transformed into an innocent visual of Bush. The criticism forgotten, the image played on.

Another striking contrast between the coverage of the 1968 and 1988 campaigns is the increased coverage of political commercials. Although political ads played a prominent role in the 1968 campaign, the networks rarely showed excerpts on the news. During the entire 1968 general election campaign, the evening news programs broadcast only two excerpts from candidates' commercials. By 1988 the number had jumped to 125. In 1968 the only time a negative ad was mentioned on the evening news was when CBS's Walter Cronkite and NBC's Chet Huntley reported that a Nixon campaign ad—showing a smiling Hubert Humphrey superimposed on scenes of war and riot—was withdrawn after the Democrats cried foul. Neither network showed the ad itself.

The networks might argue that in 1988 political ads loomed larger in the campaign, and so required more coverage. But as with their focus on media events, reporters ran the risk of becoming conduits of the television images the campaigns dispensed. Even with a critical narrative, showing commercials on the news gives free time to paid media. And most of the time the narrative was not critical. The networks rarely bothered to correct the distortions or misstatements that the ads contained. Of the 125 excerpts shown on the evening news in 1988, the reporter addressed the veracity of the commercials' claims less than 8 percent of the time. The networks became, in effect, electronic billboards for the candidates, showing political commercials not only as breaking news but as stand-ins for the candidates, and file footage aired interchangeably with news footage of the candidates.

The few cases where reporters corrected the facts illustrate how the networks might have covered political commercials. ABC's Richard Threlkeld ran excerpts from a Bush ad attacking Dukakis's defense stand by freezing the frame and correcting each mistaken or distorted claim. He also pointed out the exaggeration in a Dukakis ad attacking Bush's record on Social Security. CBS's Leslie Stahl corrected a deceptive statistic in Bush's revolving-door furlough ad, noting: "Part of the ad is false. . . . Two hundred sixty-eight murderers did not escape. . . . [T]he truth is only four first-degree murderers escaped while on parole."

Stahl concluded her report by observing, "Dukakis left the Bush attack ads unanswered for six weeks. Today campaign aides are engaged in a round of finger-pointing at who is to blame." But the networks also let the Bush furlough commercial run without challenge or correction. Before and even after her report, CBS ran excerpts of the ad without correction. In all, network newscasts ran excerpts from the revolving-door furlough ad ten times throughout the campaign, only once correcting the deceptive statistic.

It might be argued that it is up to the candidate to reply to his opponent's charges, not the press. But the networks' frequent use of political ads on the evening news created a strong disincentive for a candidate to challenge his opponent's ads. As Dukakis found, to attack a television ad as unfair or untrue is to invite the networks to run it again. In the final weeks before the election, the Dukakis campaign accused the Republicans of lying about his record on defense, and of using racist tactics in ads featuring Willie Horton, a black convict who raped and killed while on furlough from a Massachusetts prison. (See "The Making of Willie Hor-

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ton" by Martin Schram, page 17.) In reporting Dukakis's complaint, all three networks ran excerpts of the ads in question, including the highly charged pictures of Horton and the revolving door of convicts. Dukakis's response thus gave Bush's potent visuals another free run on the evening news.

The networks might reply that the ads are news and thus need to be shown, as long as they generate controversy in the campaign. But this rationale leaves them open to manipulation. Oddly enough, the networks were alive to this danger when confronted with the question of whether to air the videos the campaigns produced for their conventions. "I am not into tone poems," Lane Venardos, the executive producer in charge of convention coverage at CBS, told *The New York Times*. "We are not in the business of being propaganda arms of the political parties." But they seemed blind to the same danger during the campaign itself.

So successful was the Bush campaign at getting free time for its ads on the evening news that, after the campaign, commercial advertisers adopted a similar strategy. In 1989 a pharmaceutical company used unauthorized footage of Presidents Bush and Gorbachev to advertise a cold medication. "In the new year," the slogan ran, "may the only cold war in the world be the one being fought by us." Although two of the three networks refused to carry the commercial, dozens of network and local television news programs showed excerpts of the ad, generating millions of dollars of free airtime.

"I realized I started a trend," said Bush media consultant Roger Ailes in *The New York Times*. "Now guys are out there trying to produce commercials for the evening news." When Humphrey and Nixon hired Madison Avenue experts to help in their campaigns, some worried that, in the television age, presidents would be sold like products. Little did they imagine that, twenty years later, products would be sold like presidents.

Along with the attention to commercials and stagecraft in 1988 came an unprecedented focus on the stage managers themselves, the "media gurus," "handlers," and "spin-control artists." Only three reports featured media advisers in 1968, compared with twenty-six in 1988. And the numbers tell only part of the story.

The stance reporters have taken toward media advisers has changed dramatically over the past twenty years. In *The Selling of the President* (1969), Joe McGinniss exposed the growing role of media advisers with a sense of disillusion and outrage. By 1988 television reporters covered image-makers with deference, even admiration. In place of independent fact correction, reporters sought out media advisers as authorities in their own right to analyze the effectiveness and even defend the truthfulness of campaign commercials. They became "media gurus" not only for the candidates but for the networks as well.

For example, in an exchange with CBS anchor Dan Rather on Bush's debate performance, Stahl lavished admiration on the techniques of Bush's media advisers:

> STAHL: "They told him not to look into the camera. [She gestures toward the camera as she speaks.] You know when you look directly into a camera you are cold, apparently they have determined."
>
> RATHER [laughing]: "Bad news for anchormen I'd say."
>
> STAHL: "We have a lot to learn from this. Michael Dukakis kept talking right into the camera. [Stahl talks directly into her own camera to demonstrate.] And according to the Bush people that makes you look programmed, Dan [Stahl laughs]. And they're very adept at these television symbols and television imagery. And according to our poll it worked."
>
> RATHER: "Do you believe it?"
>
> STAHL: "Yes, I think I do, actually."

So hypersensitive were the networks to television image-making in 1988 that minor mishaps—gaffes, slips of the tongue, even faulty microphones—became big news. Politicians were hardly without mishaps in 1968, but these did not count as news. Only once in 1968 did a network even take note of a minor incident unrelated to the content of the campaign. In 1988 some twenty-nine reports highlighted trivial slips.

The emphasis on "failed images" reflected a kind of guerrilla warfare between the networks and the campaigns. The more the campaigns sought to control the images that appeared on the nightly news, the more the reporters tried to beat them at their own game, magnifying a minor mishap into a central feature of the media event.

Early in the 1988 campaign, for example, George Bush delivered a speech to a sympathetic audience of the American Legion, attacking his opponent's defense policies. In a slip, he declared that September 7, rather than December 7, was the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Murmurs and chuckles from the audience alerted him to his error, and he quickly corrected himself.

The audience was forgiving, but the networks were not. All three network anchors highlighted the slip on the evening news. Dan Rather introduced CBS's report on Bush by declaring solemnly, "Bush's talk to audiences in Louisville was overshadowed by a strange happening." On NBC Tom Brokaw reported, "He departed from his prepared script and left his listeners mystified." Peter Jennings introduced ABC's report by mentioning Bush's attack on Dukakis, adding, "What's more likely to be remembered about today's speech is a slip of the tongue."

Some of the slips the networks highlighted in 1988 were not even verbal gaffes or misstatements, but simply failures on the part of candidates to cater to the cameras. In a report on the travails of the Dukakis campaign, Sam Donaldson seized on Dukakis's failure to play to ABC's television camera as evidence of his campaign's ineffectiveness. Showing Dukakis playing a trumpet with a local marching band, Donaldson chided, "He played the trumpet with his back to the camera." As Dukakis played "Happy Days Are Here Again," Donaldson's voice was heard from off-camera calling, "We're over here, governor."

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One way of understanding the turn to image-conscious coverage in 1988 is to see how television news came to partake of the postwar modernist sensibility, particularly the pop art movement of the 1960s. Characteristic of this outlook is a self-conscious attention to art as performance, a focus on the process of image-making rather than on the ideas the images represent.

During the 1960s, when photography and television became potent forces for documentation and entertainment, they also became powerful influences on the work of artists. Photographers began to photograph the television set as part of the social landscape. Newspapers, photographs, and commercial products became part of the collage work of painters such as Robert Rauschenberg. Artists began to explore self-consciously their role in the image-making process.

For example, Lee Friedlander published a book of photography, *Self Portrait*, in which the artist's shadow or reflection was included in every frame. As critic Rod Slemmons notes, "By indicating the photographer is also a performer whose hand is impossible to hide, Friedlander set a precedent for disrupting the normal rules of photography." These "postmodernist" movements in art and photography foreshadowed the form television news would take by the late 1980s.

Andy Warhol once remarked, "The artificial fascinates me." In 1988 network reporters and producers, beguiled by the artifice of the modern presidential campaign, might well have said the same. Reporters alternated between reporting campaign images as if they were facts and exposing their contrived nature. Like Warhol, whose personality was always a presence in his work, reporters became part of the campaign theater they covered—as producers, as performers, and as critics. Like Warhol's reproductions of Campbell's soup cans, the networks' use of candidates' commercials directed our attention away from the content and toward the packaging.

The assumption that the creation of appearances is the essence of political reality pervaded not only the reporting but the candidates' self-understanding and conduct with the press. When Dan Quayle sought to escape his image as a highly managed candidate, he resolved publicly to become his own handler, his own "spin doctor." "The so-called handlers story, part of it's true," he confessed to network reporters. "But there will be no more handlers stories, because I'm the handler and I'll do the spinning." Surrounded by a group of reporters on his campaign plane, Quayle announced, "I'm Doctor Spin, and I want you all to report that."

It may seem a strange way for a politician to talk, but not so strange in a media-conscious environment in which authenticity means being master of your own artificiality. Dukakis too sought to reverse his political fortunes by seeking to be master of his own image. This attempt was best captured in a commercial shown on network news in which Dukakis stood beside a television set and snapped off a Bush commercial attacking his stand on defense. "I'm fed up with it," Dukakis declared. "Never seen anything like it in twenty-five years of public life. George Bush's negative television ads, distorting my record, full of lies, and he knows it." The commercial itself shows an image of an image—a Bush television commercial showing (and ridiculing) the media event where Dukakis rode in a tank. In his commercial, Dukakis complains that Bush's commercial showing the tank ride misstates Dukakis's position on defense.

As it appeared in excerpts on the evening news, Dukakis's commercial displayed a quintessentially modernist image of artifice upon artifice upon artifice: television news covering a Dukakis commercial containing a Bush commercial containing a Dukakis media event. In a political world governed by images of images, it seemed almost natural that the authority of the candidate be depicted by his ability to turn off the television set.

In the 1950s Edward R. Murrow noted that broadcast news was "an incompatible combination of show business, advertising, and news." Still, in its first decades television news continued to reflect a sharp distinction between the news and entertainment divisions of the networks. But by the 1980s network news operations came to be seen as profit centers for the large corporations that owned them, run by people drawn less from journalism than from advertising and entertainment backgrounds. Commercialization led to further emphasis on entertainment values, which heightened the need for dramatic visuals, fast pacing, quick cutting, and short sound bites. Given new technological means to achieve these effects—portable video cameras, satellite hookups, and sophisticated video-editing equipment—the networks were not only disposed but equipped to capture the staged media events of the campaigns.

The search for dramatic visuals and the premium placed on showmanship in the 1980s led to a new complicity between the White House image-makers and the networks. As Susan Zirinsky, a top CBS producer, acknowledged in Martin Schram's *The Great American Video Game*, "In a funny way, the [Reagan White House] advance men and I have the same thing at heart—we want the piece to look as good as [it] possibly can." In 1968 such complicity in stagecraft was scorned. Sanford Socolow, senior producer of the "CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite," recently observed, "If someone caught you doing that in 1968 you would have been fired."

In a moment of reflection in 1988, CBS's political correspondents expressed their frustration with image-driven campaigns. "It may seem frivolous, even silly at times," said Schieffer. "But setting up pictures that drive home a message has become the No. 1 priority of the modern-day campaign. The problem, of course, is while it is often entertaining, it is seldom enlightening."

Rather shared his colleague's discomfort. But what troubled him about modern campaigns is equally troubling about television's campaign coverage. "With all this emphasis on the image," he asked, "what happens to the issues? What happens to the substance?" •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Changes

David Hare is going to the bad, which in his case means going to the good. Until recently, most of the work of this English playwright and screenwriter has been sharp, mordant, quietly outraged, intent on dramatizing laconically the compromises and hypocrisies of our time. Such plays as *Slag* and *Plenty* and *Licking Hitler* and *A Map of the World*, whatever their flaws, held Hare's world to a rigorous grilling. He often directed his plays, with an imaginative terseness that matched his writing, and he directed his screenplay *Wetherby* in masterly fashion, a film that showed how a group of people were harrowed variously by a suicide in their midst. Up to now Hare's very name has evoked an almost Pavlovian response: something by him would be terse, precisely written and directed, politically critical, socially angry.

This has changed. His last play to be seen here, *The Secret Rapture*, which starred the American actress Blair Brown, saluted the expected Hare qualities but had, for him, an unprecedented vein of pulpiness. His new film **Strapless** (Miramax), also starring Brown, nods once again to the past Hare, then ties up all its problems tidily in the best of all possible worlds and packages. Obviously an artist has every right to change, but in Hare's case the change is peculiar. It's as if he had applied rouge to his previously unadorned work. We can see the vestiges of the past, which make the rouge look all the more artificial.

Since *The Secret Rapture* and this film were evidently written for Brown and since it's common knowledge that Hare and Brown have been companions, it's difficult to avoid the inference that she has been a Good Influence on the forty-three-year-old man. Hare's private life is, or ought to be, private; but it's he who has made it public—through his work. His relationship with Brown has apparently impaired his purposes in writing and his judgment as a director. Brown is not nearly as fascinating a personality, as accomplished an actress as he finds her to be; to complete my nastiness, she's not even as beautiful as his adoring camera implies.

When Hare set out to write a film for Brown, he presumably didn't want to place it in a country he doesn't know, her homeland, so he solved the problem easily by making her an American who lives—has lived for twelve years—in London. He wanted to give her an admirable occupation in a field that would help him to dramatize his anti-Thatcherism, so he made her a doctor in a hospital being crippled by governmental budget cuts. He wanted to make her a pillar of strength, so he gave her an irresponsible younger sister, played by Bridget Fonda, who is fiddling with a career in fashion design. He wanted to make her maturely attractive, so he ordained that a mature man, Bruno Ganz, fall in love with her at first sight.

If we add up all the factors, we find that they *don't* add up. Many of the subordinate performances are good, and some of the writing is genuine Hare. (Brown goes to a young doctors' party that's getting wild and says: "Young doctors are always looking at each others' genitals. You'd think they'd have had enough of that. I mean, fishmongers don't come home and look at fish.") A scene in which Brown visits the school that Ganz attended as a boy, a scene in which she visits his first wife and their twelve-year-old son, are as good as anything in *Wetherby*.

But these, and a few more moments, are the bits of fruit in a rather soggy pudding. The relationship between Brown and Ganz, who is rich and mysterious, is meant to be deep but is burdened with Ganz's unlikely madcap gestures. He seems merely uncomfortable in a role to which he was meant to give dark resonance. Brown is reluctant to join a doctors' protest at the hospital where she has worked for twelve years—ostensibly because she is a foreigner but really because Hare is saving her agreement for the film's finale. Fonda, passable in her part, is a libidinous sloven who gets pregnant so that Brown will have a chance to blow her top at the news. The contrivances are capped at the end when Brown, for no pressing reason, changes her mind and leads the doctors' protest; when the arcane Ganz, on his way to flee the country, suddenly changes his mind and returns to Brown; when Fonda suddenly pulls herself together to become a good mother and a successful designer. The film's title comes from the fact that her gowns are strapless and stay up without visible support. This is repeated so that we get the symbolic point.

And that's it. After all the deployment

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Mahabharata. *The actors have been playing for five years in Peter Brook's nine-hour production, and this three-hour version of it is most rewarding because of their ensemble acting. (Reviewed 5/7/90)* **Pretty Woman.** *Julia Roberts, a new star, and Richard Gere, a durable one, in a pleasant confection about an LA hooker and a hotshot financier. Dream along with Julia and Dick. (4/16/90)* **Q and A.** *Another of Sidney Lumet's richly territorial New York films, propelled by a police-drug-corruption story. Mostly a superb cast. The texture more than compensates for some lapses in the script (also by Lumet). (5/21/90)* **Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!** *Madrid. Pedro Almodóvar. An attractive former mental patient abducts a porno-horror film star whom he adores. Much comedy and more sex. For Almodóvar, audacity is the norm, which is all the better for us. (5/14/90)* **—SK**

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of character, all the momentous taciturnity, that symbol is meant to be the point of the picture. It doesn't even track, let alone serve as a rationale for the upbeat ending.

Well, a new play of Hare's has opened in London that is reportedly in his authentic vein. Brown isn't in it. Here's a hope for Hare's happy private life and an equal hope that he can keep it separate from his work.

Craig Lucas and Norman René are the writer and the director of *Prelude to a Kiss*, a new fantasy-romance on Broadway. They are also the writer and director of a new film, **Longtime Companion** (Samuel Goldwyn), which contains very little fantasy and is only incidentally romantic.

This film, their first, chronicles the lives of a group of New York homosexuals from 1981 to 1989 as AIDS becomes known, begins to do its deadly work on their lives, and becomes an accepted dread circumstance. Several couples who are friends and a young woman who is a friend of them all move through those eight years, from an initial news note about AIDS to its constant threat.

By now an appalling number of us, homosexual or not, have seen at close hand the terror of the disease. But only those who are homosexual can have seen the years since 1981 exactly as Lucas and René's people do. The film takes no account of heterosexual victims, drug users or not; it concentrates on a circle of gays who work in more or less artistic pursuits. *Longtime Companion* tells us nothing new factually, but it makes those facts stingingly immediate.

Lucas's dialogue, as in his play, is generally bright chatter, but here it is progressively more tinged with strenuous attempts to *remain* bright. Brightness seems almost to be a matter of honor in this group, a refusal to panic even when panicked; and Lucas makes much of it moving. René seems reasonably comfortable with the camera, though he sometimes positions us a bit far from matters we would like to see more closely. His editor, Katherine Wenning, keeps the shape of the film neat and trim. Outstanding in the cast are Patrick Cassidy, as a husky actor who ultimately comes out of the closet, and the oldest of the couples, played by Mark Lamos and Bruce Davison. Lamos, himself a noted theater director, has the one real deathbed scene in the picture, attended by Davison; and they both shun deathbed theatrics in favor of truth.

The film's one regrettable moment comes just before the end—a lame Felliniesque imaginary reunion of the survivors and the dead. Except for that scene, *Longtime Companion* has compassionate power—and may well have future historical value as a record of the advent of a horror. •

Edward Rothstein on Music

Cage's Cage

I'm not sure what made me finally grasp the importance of fungi for the career of John Cage. It may have been the retrospective performances I heard, nearly a decade ago, of some of the composer's most memorable works—the one for twelve radios tuned to different stations ("Imaginary Landscape #4"), or his famed "4'33"" of musical silence, or his scrambling of the phonemes and syllables of James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* to create about three hours of melodically chanted gibberish. (It was a "form of poetry which I devised that enables me to read all the way through a book that otherwise I would not read through.") Like mushrooms that grow wild in the forest, such works lack chlorophyll: they cannot support themselves on light, they seem to grow or thrive in shadowy regions. In fact, too much illumination and scrutiny would probably cause them to shrivel. These works cannot even be said to exist as "works" without feeding off other, decaying objects, which often happen to be the rituals and the art works that make up our frayed and fragile musical tradition. Cage's Dadaist fungoids have fastened on that tradition for the duration, pushing composition toward compost.

Sporophores keep surfacing in his life and his writing as well. Cage won a mushroom quiz contest in 1958 on Italian television, which is how he made his first substantial sum of money. He has haunted forests and rotting tree stumps in all regions of the world. He is a founder of the New York Mycological Society and a member of a Czechoslovakian mushroom society. He has even had his stomach pumped after mistaking one species for another.

This interest may be no accident. As Cage once pointed out, "music" and "mushroom" often appear next to each other in dictionaries. "A mushroom grows for such a short time," he also once said, "and if you happen to come across it when it's fresh it's like coming upon a sound which also lives a short time." His music is pre-eminently mushroom-like in this respect: its sounds are explicitly designed to pass quickly by and never be duplicated. They deliberately defy memory and pattern. "I am not interested in the relationships between sounds and mushrooms," the composer has quipped, "any more than I am in those between sounds and other sounds."

And now Cage has done it again: in the midst of the humid academic overgrowth another of his sporophores has taken root. That ground—provided by the prestigious Norton lectures at Harvard University—was once cultivated, architectonic, severe. Cage's distinguished musical predecessors in these lectures included Igor Stravinsky, Roger Sessions, and Charles Rosen. But for the 1988-89 season at Harvard the heritage of theoretical and critical rigor was put aside. After all, modernism has fallen on hard times, contemporary musical culture has long since subsided into sullen regularity, and many universities have become weary of disinterested scholarship. So Harvard turned its attention to the only remaining sign of life—the sometime avant-garde.

Hence the book: *I-VI* (Harvard University Press, 452 pp., $34.95). The title is a shorthand abbreviation of the lectures' real title: *MethodStructureIntentionDisciplineNotationIndeterminacyInterpenetrationImitationDevotionCircumstancesVariableStructureNonunderstandingContingencyInconsistencyPerformance*. The volume is well-made, expensively produced, and extravagantly set. It is even packaged with two tapes, one of which contains the entire performance of one of the six lectures that Cage delivered, and the other a session of questions and answers with the Norton lecturer that followed the talks. "Instead of looking for mushrooms in a forest," the composer tells one interrogator when describing his lectures, "I'm looking for ideas in a brushing of source material." Cage doesn't develop ideas, or create them. They just happen to appear as he strolls through his "source material," mushroom basket in hand.

Here, for example, is one specimen that the casual hiker in these pages might come across:

> Is/the Number of pages of your next composition this/calleD for an/is no play in thEm for/is noT a blank loss of/Employing the same technique to/what aRe called/their own hands ' and provided

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food for theMselves and/have dIscovered legal ties to/burN wooden/points in time when there Are not points but/rejeCted israel and the united states face to/a new job and even a totallY new

The capital letters should align themselves vertically on the page to spell INDETERMINACY. Each set of lines in the lectures, in fact, has one of the words from the lecture's titles—Method, Structure, Intention, etc.—running down its center. Cage refers to these constructions as "mesostics," a term invented by Norman O. Brown to describe Cage's peculiar variation on the acrostic. Printed underneath this poesy are three lines of small print, without punctuation or capitalization, that contain the running text of Cage's discussions with questioners and challengers—as if forming a layer of mulch out of which the text seems to sprout. Cage is asked about the time he played poker with Jacqueline Susann (he doesn't remember it), or for his views on politics and performance (he is an "anarchist"), or to respond to observations about how difficult it is to concentrate on the lectures.

The source of the difficulty is simple enough. Each line in the lecture had its central word selected by what Cage calls "chance operations." There is no particular reason why one line should follow another; they are randomly put together. "This frees me," Cage gleefully explains, "from memory, tastes, likes and dislikes." Cage once used the *I Ching* as his instrument of liberation—thus giving the choices of tones and phrases a semi-mystical aura as he tossed sticks according to the ancient Chinese oracle. But the aura evidently became less convenient the more exotic Cage's techniques became. Now he depends on a computer program for assistance, its spit-out numbers determining the locations of words and ideas and sounds.

The most surprising thing about this technique—which Cage has used for nearly four decades—is how influential it has been. Our century has been notable for continuing attempts to create musical systems to replace conventional tonality. One system, popularized by the European avant-garde during the 1950s, involved increasing the territory governed by law, to systematize everything from pitch to timbre. Cage's system—which affected generations of self-inspired American avant-gardists—abdicated law and control nearly completely by submitting to the vagaries of dice or the *I Ching*. (At the Phillips Gallery in Washington, there is currently a show of watercolors by Cage painted in consultation with the *I Ching*.) Schoenberg, with whom Cage once studied counterpoint (and who was himself preoccupied with creating a compositional system), called him an "inventor of genius," but declined to use the word "composer."

For Cage was not primarily looking for a way to create art music. In the midst of the discussions that accompany these lectures, Cage tells a story he has told before, of a dinner with Marcel Duchamp in which they discussed the aesthetic qualities of bread crumbs falling on the table. The veteran French avant-gardist—who once installed a urinal in a museum—argued that haphazardly dropped crumbs were hardly deserving of much aesthetic notice. But Cage argued that the crumbs, as they landed, were art enough. The point was simply to come upon them and to point to them.

This means not placing the urinal in the museum, but placing the museum around the urinal. It is an idea that Cage has turned into his own distinctive aesthetic religion, mixing it with allusions to Zen. All sounds, all words, all crumbs, are worthy of equal attention. All life is art. All art is beyond judgment. For Cage, the object is almost to become innocent of all choice and rules and distinction, and then to remain ignorant of why one thing is being heard over another. "What is the advantage of not knowing what you are doing?" John Ashbery once asked Cage."It cheers up the knowing," the composer answered. "Otherwise, knowing will be very self-conscious and frequently guilty." Cage's choice is to avoid choice.

But of course Cage doesn't treat all events equally. He makes guilty choices; he just hides behind the dice. One such choice is to give "chance" events more value over anything chosen, to value chaos more than regulation. Cage's art is not just "found" art. It is created as found. It's as if mushrooms were planted in the woods and harvested as wild.

Cage makes sure to plant them in very particular places—wherever they will hasten the disintegration of ordinary language and meaning, which Cage calls "militarized." His mushrooms feed off these meanings, destroying them. "During the period of harmony and counterpoint," Cage once said, "there was good and bad, and rules to support the good against the bad. Today we must identify ourselves with noises instead." One of music's purposes, he told one interviewer, is "to undermine the making of value judgments," and his works take this as their project. Cage once said he would agree to conduct the Beethoven symphonies only if he could assemble enough players to perform every symphony at the same time. He has also suggested the founding of a university in which all lectures would be given in the same room simultaneously.

So the point is not really some Zen-like appreciation of bread crumbs; it is the Dadaist mess they make. But it is not even fully Dadaist, this mess. Cage has claimed, for example, he wanted his music to "be free of my own likes and dislikes," and he claims the same for these lectures. Yet the "point" of most of these lectures, the exercise of likes and dislikes in their composition, is unmistakable. Every random word in the lectures is chosen from a long text reprinted at the book's conclusion—a set of quotations Cage has put together from newspapers and pet philosophers. Thoreau is quoted, as are Buckminster Fuller and Wittgenstein. ("I have long been attracted to his work," Cage says, "reading it with enjoyment but rarely with understanding.")

These quotes are organized into fifteen sections, each labelled with one of the fifteen concepts making up the title of these lectures—though, Cage hastens to add, they may have nothing to do with those concepts. He quotes himself as well ("People often ask me what music I prefer to hear. I enjoy the absence of music more than any other"). He quotes McLuhan on the power of the media ("A cliché is an act of consciousness: total consciousness is the sum of all the clichés of all media or technologies we probe with"). He quotes libertarian sentiments ("Maximize human free time, minimize human coerced time"). He cites Wittgenstein's questionings of ordinary language and Thoreau's dissent from ordinary society.

Cage also went through *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The Christian Science Monitor*, putting together quotations on foreign affairs, mixing phrases from different articles into one sentence, creating a sort of news-style gibberish that manages to invoke nearly all the "military" evils Cage finds across the globe. Such oracular collages include: "Israel said Sunday it might nullify opposition parties in a brief ceremony that would most likely help Panama solve its problems."

Cage speaks solemly in the question and answer sessions about his attempts to deliberately "fox" any meanings that might arise out of his texts. But intentions are revealed everywhere. "Why not read a phone book?" one questioner asks. Because if the lectures turn out to make a suggestion, Cage points out, "I want that suggestion to be in a spirit that I agree with"—specifically with the program of "anarchism." That anarchism is

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playfully antinomian. ("I'm looking forward to the time when no one votes," he once said, "Because then we wouldn't have to have a president. . . . We can get along perfectly well without the government.")

Fragments of the source text serve as ideological atoms, full of allusions to pastoralism and Dadaism and anarchism and simple sentiments. These fragments protrude because they are the only elements of ordinary meaning provided by Cage. We hear scattered phrases in the midst of random words: "demonstrators and bystanders were Charged and attacked," or "wrecks The wilderness with its," or "we chose to keep efficiency levels And." The result is a random collection of atoms bumping into each other, creating a Brownian motion of clichés. Cage tries to have it all, hovering above his text like some Dadaist clown, while he drops his pointed allusions for the listening faithful.

What is the direction of this much discussed career? Mainly a traditional, almost conservative avant-gardism—a trajectory unchanged by chance or the *I Ching*. Much of Cage's more traditionally composed works of the 1940s, for example, are little more than anti-bourgeois jest. In "Credo in Us" (1942), nineteenth-century orchestral music is interrupted by percussive strikes and buzzings; "Living Room Music" (1940) uses ordinary middle-class objects for percussion. Cage's most intriguingly musical compositions—the haunting works from the later 1940s for which Cage stuck foreign objects into the hammers and strings of a piano (creating a "prepared piano")—have a discreet charm and playfulness, echoing Satie. But recently released Wergo recordings show that these pieces are also inherently polemical, the archetypal instrument of the tradition turned into a toy, and Western musical phrases overturned by something resembling Balinese gamelan music. The "String Quartet in Four Parts" of 1950, soon to be released in a recording by the Arditti Quartet, is an active rejection of counterpoint and intellectual intricacy, anticipating the similar turns in taste that created the now defunct movement of Minimalism.

Cage is, of course, a sweet and coy and charming avant-gardist. So sweet and coy and charming that it is tempting to tolerate the obvious polemics, the platitudes and unsophisticated politics, the pseudo-Zen aesthetic. After all, when he is not deathly tedious, he can be quite funny. And, as Cage himself said of his compositional method, "It neither wounds nor wrongs anyone in the end."

But how harmless are his views? His vision of human life is strangely skewed for one who claims a Whitmanesque embrace of nature and the world. Even his seemingly apolitical anarchism is full of ideological turns. He speaks, for example, of a family of starving "naked human beings" he saw in Bombay, searching for some water as they trudged through mud. His point is not to evoke their suffering, but to add another log to an anti-Western fire he keeps burning in his anarchist heart. "They were dignified," he says proudly of these Indians; but when he turns in contrast to "our poor," he simply asserts, with Third Worldist energy, that "our poor" have been stripped of dignity as well as water.

Cage's ostensible love of anarchism and chance is also shadowed by an attraction to the most extraordinary systems of control and order and regulation. Even in constructing these lectures, all sorts of fetishistic restrictions are made. Between any two consecutive capital letters in the randomly chosen words, for example, Cage insists that neither letter may appear in lower case. This rule is purely lexicographical: it means nothing, particularly since the words with the capitalized letters are arbitrarily chosen. But this method is typical of

Who will get AIDS?

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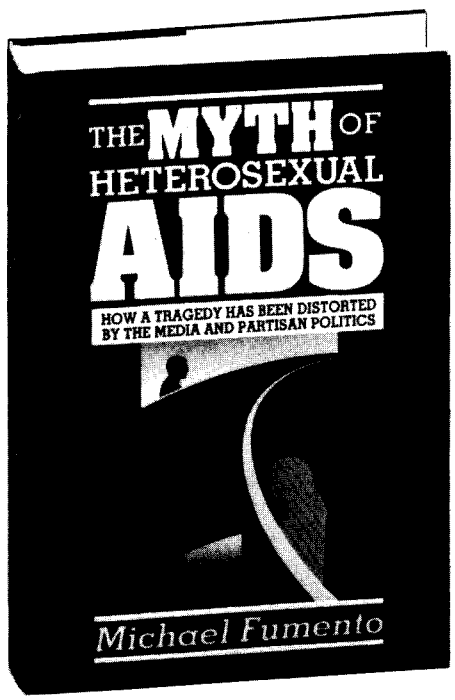

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Cage: mixing the random with the rigid.

Yes, all language is arbitrary and all art involves disciplines of arbitrary technique. The rules of the sonnet are even more intricate than those of Cage's mesostics. But such rules also bear some relation to the meanings or the sensibilities created; and if they don't, they are soon enough invested with such meaning. Here "militarized syntax" is rejected only to be replaced by even more confoundingly intricate rules that are deliberately meaningless. Cage's compositional procedures—using star charts or clocks or tossed sticks—become authoritarian in their own way. Cage has the same attitudes in his political commentary. Anarchism may be his credo, but he also seems to welcome authoritarian control when it suits him. In 1972 he wrote: "The Maoist model managed to free a quarter of humanity; that gives cause for thought. Today, without hesitation, I would say that, for the moment, Maoism is our greatest reason for optimism."

Even his strictly musical notions can have disturbing effects. In the Norton lectures Cage recalls a class he was hired to teach by the WPA, which turned out to be a bit of a fiasco because the parents objected to his technique of letting the children just make sounds without teaching them counterpoint. We are now paying the cultural price of musical and intellectual illiteracy for such experiments. Yet it appears that Harvard, in inviting Cage to deliver the Norton lectures, is intent on carrying the experiments even further.

Still, one can't get too solemn about Cage. His career—and these lectures—are best seen as symptoms of our era's poverty, rather than as causes of it. It is best to grin at Cage's caginess, because he will never be pinned down. "You won't find me consistent," he has boasted.

One of the stories that Cage tells seems particularly appropriate as a sort of koan on his career. A woman from Philadelphia once asked Cage, "Have you an explanation of the symbolism involved in the death of the Buddha by eating a mushroom?" Cage explained: "Mushrooms grow most vigorously in the fall, the period of destruction, and the function of many of them is to bring about the final decay of rotting material. In fact, as I read somewhere, the world would be an impassible heap of old rubbish were it not for mushrooms and their capacity to get rid of it. So I wrote to the lady in Philadephia. I said, 'The function of mushrooms is to rid the world of old rubbish. The Buddha died a natural death.' " •

What kind of a country kept Noriega in power?

Growing Pains in Panama

BY CARLA ANNE ROBBINS

I.

Manuel Noriega has been compared to Genghis Khan, Richard III, and the Antichrist, among others, but he never deserved anything more flattering than the second rank of demonology. Noriega was a fixer—not a major trafficker—for Colombia's cocaine kings, hiding their factories and fugitives and laundering their profits. As an intelligence "asset" for the United States, Cuba, and a half dozen others (including France, Israel, and Taiwan), Noriega traded in scandal more than in state secrets. Even his record as a brute and a dictator was tame, by Central American standards: only about a dozen of his opponents died during the struggle in 1987-89 to oust him.

Our Man in Panama: How General Noriega Used the United States and Made Millions in Drugs and Arms
by John Dinges
(Random House, 402 pp., $21.95)

Divorcing the Dictator: America's Bungled Affair with Noriega
by Frederick Kempe
(Putnam, 469 pp., $24.95)

So why were we so fascinated? A part of the explanation, of course, can be found in Noriega's made-for-the-tabloids figure: a physically repellent and sexually ambiguous murderer and con artist who made millions for himself and made a fool of the United States, all with our knowledge. Noriega also had the good (and then bad) luck to be placed, by geography and vocation, at the center of two of America's most frustrating policy failures of the 1980s: the war on drugs and the civil wars in Central America. His overthrow, capture, and trial will not solve these problems, but at least they have given Americans the sense that we are fighting back. And some Americans also hope that the exposure of Noriega's secrets might reveal some of our own; if our leaders won't tell the truth about the Iran-contra affair, maybe their rogue will.

CARLA ANNE ROBBINS, a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University, covered Latin America for *U.S. News & World Report* from 1986 to 1989.

For most Americans, the Panama story began and ended with Noriega. It is an impression reinforced by our press, which has largely ignored Panama since American troops pulled back in mid-February. Noriega-centrism has also been promoted by the Bush administration, and by Panama's new government. For years Noriega's opponents titillated reporters with sensational (and difficult to prove) tales of the general's perversions and powers. Within days of the invasion, the U. S. Southern Command was running guided tours of Noriega's house, with its pornography, its "witch house," its Nazi paraphernalia, its 110 pounds of cocaine (which turned out to be tamale flour). The hype was intentional. If Noriega was really satanic, the invasion looked reasonable, looked even like the "Just Cause" that the White House spin doctors called it. Never mind that his sins were rather banal, by the standards of drug lords and tinhorn despots; or that the dispatch of 25,000 U. S. soldiers to oust Noriega is evidence of his opponents' political weakness and of Washington's diplomatic incompetence.

John Dinges and Frederick Kempe trace Noriega's rise to power and crime, and his rise and fall in the favor of the United States. Both their books more than make the case for Noriega as satan, eagerly detailing his public and private crimes and America's complicity in both. Kempe and Dinges say little, unfortunately, about the society in which most of their villain's crimes were committed. What is it about Panama that allowed this monster to rise so high and stay for so long? They never ask the question. Still, even the half of the story that they do tell is fascinating. Although neither book has come up with the smoking gun that conclusively links George Bush to the Iran-contra scandal, there is still plenty of embarrassment to go around.

As early as the summer of 1960, an American intelligence agent cabled Washington that a recent recruit, a cadet named Manuel Noriega, had been arrest-

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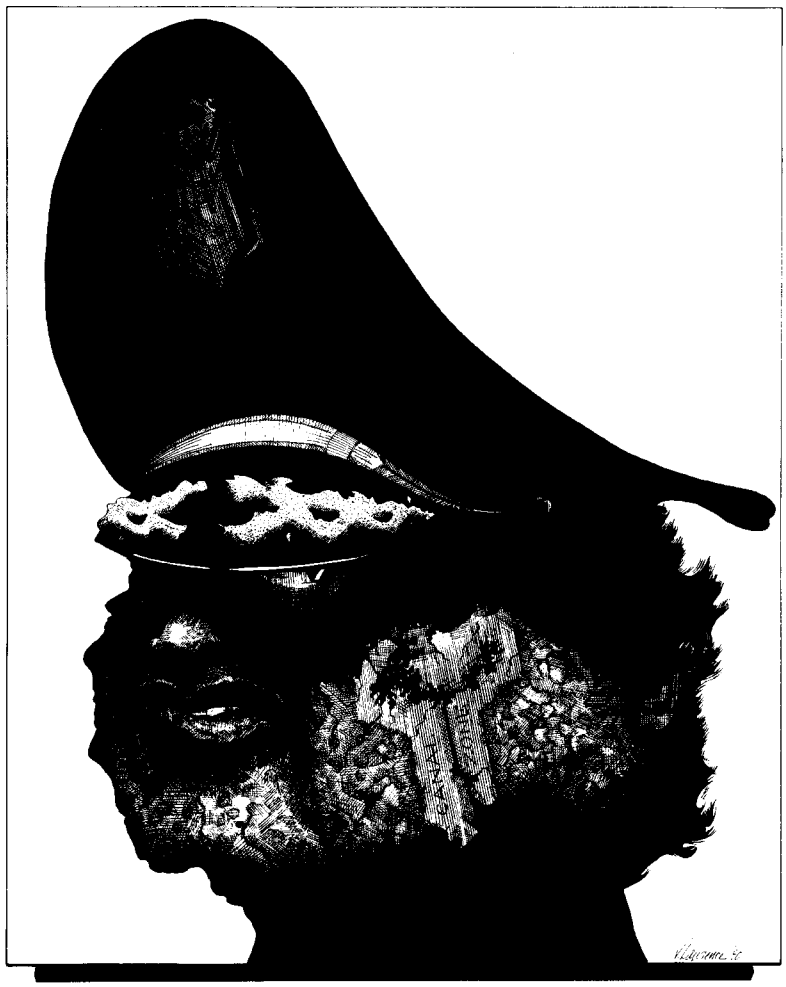
ed for beating and raping a prostitute. Noriega stayed on the roster. In exchange for spending money, Noriega was reporting to the Castro-obsessed Americans on the leftist inclinations of his instructors and fellow students at the Peruvian military academy.

Noriega returned to Panama in 1962, and almost destroyed his new career. A beat cop in the mean streets of the port city of Colón, he was accused of raping another prostitute, this time in the back of a police car. Still, Colón's garrison commander, Omar Torrijos, saw something in the young Noriega—he was bright and loyal, if more than a little strange—and smoothed over the scandal. When Torrijos was made commander of Chiriquí province, he brought Noriega along as head of the transit police. It was in Chiriquí that Noriega resumed his work with the CIA. At Torrijos's request, he began spying on union organizers at the United Fruit banana plantations. As Torrijos moved up in the ranks of the National Guard, so did Noriega. In 1969 he repaid his mentor in full, foiling a countercoup against Torrijos, who was by then Panama's strongman. Torrijos rewarded Noriega by making him head of military intelligence.



MANUEL NORIEGA BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Not long after, American drug agents began hearing that several members of Torrijos's entourage—notably his brother Moisés and his protégé Noriega—were involved in heroin trafficking. By 1972, the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (the predecessor of the DEA) was so worried about Noriega that they briefly considered "immobilizing" him. But the bureau was more concerned about reopening its Panama City office, and when Torrijos gave his permission and named Noriega his official liaison, nobody in the Nixon administration complained.

Bush's troubles began in 1976, when he became director of the CIA under Gerald Ford. Noriega was already earning top Agency dollar, around $110,000 a year. The problem was that he wasn't only spying for the United States, he was also spying on the United States: he was paying American soldiers to bring him copies of audio tapes recorded by the Army's high-tech listening post in Panama. Kempe says that the CIA suspected Noriega of selling the tapes to the Cubans. The National Security Agency wanted to make an example of the "Singing Sergeants," as they were known, but the Army didn't want the heat. Bush deferred to the Army, and to Ford's political future. The soldiers were discharged quietly, and Noriega stayed on the CIA payroll.

But Noriega wasn't a problem just for the Republicans. He was, you might say, a bipartisan burden. Stansfield Turner, Jimmy Carter's reforming CIA chief, took Noriega off the payroll, but the Canal treaties were too important to Carter to permit any more provocative action against Noriega. When federal agents discovered that Noriega was buying arms in Miami, at Torrijos's behest, and shipping them to Sandinista guerrillas, they made plans to arrest him. But officials in Washington, apparently from the State Department and the Pentagon, warned Noriega to stay out of Miami, and then quashed the investigation.

Dinges's and Kempe's books are quite entertaining (in the way that slasher films are entertaining) when they recount the sordid details of Noriega's private life. Kempe charges Noriega with rape, sexual torture, political assassination (and sexually motivated political assassination). He alleges that Noriega ordered the beheading of Hugo Spadafora, a dashing young doctor and a hero of both the Sandinista and contra wars, in part because Spadafora once rejected Noriega's overtures. I've met Noriega, and I'm willing to believe almost anything about him. *Almost* anything. Kempe, however, has written his book in a rather breathless voice and suspends all disbelief when it comes to tales of Noriega's depredations. This is always dangerous for a reporter. It can be disastrous in a country like Panama, where slander is the national sport. In this matter and throughout, Dinges is more circumspect, suggesting that Noriega, a master of psychological warfare, was the likely source of a good part of the morbid hype, because he believed that it only increased his power: "When Panamanian opposition leaders spread stories that he was a sexual pervert, a psychopath, a sadist, a rapist, a practitioner of dark cults . . . Noriega might have approved; he certainly would have smiled."

Both Dinges and Kempe shine when they are delivering the Washington side of the story. They write with authority and with impressive detail about the bureaucratic infighting, the egos, the epidemic of expedience, the constant willingness to compromise values for political gain. They ably trace the decision to indict Noriega on drug trafficking. Those indictments were probably the biggest mistake in a saga of big mistakes. Everyone with eyes to see understood that the indictments would back Noriega and the United States into a corner: Noriega would never willingly step down with indictments hanging over his head, and no American politician could afford the political flak for lifting them. Still, in the months after Iran-contra, nobody was willing to block the indictments and risk the charge of a cover-up.

Kempe stands out in his reporting of

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the last two years of the U. S.-Noriega drama. He gives an hour-by-hour account of the secret missions—of diplomats, lawyers, even a psychiatrist—that failed to negotiate Noriega out of power. The last mission, in May 1988, might have worked, says Kempe, except for Ronald Reagan's inattention, George Shultz's impatience, and George Bush's anxieties about the 1988 election. Kempe provides wonderful color on Noriega's last days in Panama, particularly his stay with the Papal Nuncio. Dinges rushes through this period in a chapter and an epilogue, but he provides one of the best analyses of American policy failures in Panama that I have read. He rightly warns of how much we still don't know about the American relationship with Noriega.

Both authors fervently argue that the United States tolerated Noriega for one reason above all: his usefulness to the anti-Communist crusade in Central America. Noriega hosted American intelligence operations in Panama, transshipped arms to the contras and may have trained them, too. He also offered to assassinate Sandinista leaders, if the United States would help clean up his image. And yet the venality in the American policy toward Panama extends far beyond one man and four administrations. For the sake of economic and strategic advantage, this country has been compromising its values in Panama since 1903. Both Kempe and Dinges fail to provide the badly needed historical perspective. Without history, however, it is impossible to grasp not only why the Americans put up with Noriega for so long, but why the Panamanians put up with him, too.

II.

The most common explanation for what ails Panamanians is that they lack national pride. It is a view that was reinforced during the recent crisis by the opposition's frequent pleadings to send in the U. S. Marines. In truth, if Theodore Roosevelt had not answered a similar request in 1903, there probably never would have been a Panama. And after nine decades of the United States calling the shots, it's not surprising that Panamanians are confused about their identity and uncertain about their responsibility.

But they have an even bigger problem: they lack even the sense of belonging to a single polity. Panamanians have never developed a collective identity that links all citizens and transcends the society's profound differences of class, race, and language. To be sure, by the time of the American invasion in December 1989, both rich and poor alike wanted Noriega out; but they never pooled their hatred and their resources to get rid of him. Now that the United States has done the job for them the new government must work to overcome those differences. If not they too will fall, perhaps to another Noriega.

The Canal is the source of Panama's wealth and importance, but it is also the source of many of the divisions that enfeeble Panamanian society. For Panama, more than for most places, geography has always been destiny. Fifty miles across, the country is the narrowest point in the Western Hemisphere, linking North America to South America and barely dividing the Atlantic from the Pacific. Spanish colonial officials surveyed for a canal in 1534, but instead they built a Camino Real, or royal road; and so for 200 years gold, silver, and slaves traversed the continents along the slender Panamanian thread. Americans first planned a canal as early as 1825, but a group of New York investors, inspired by the California gold rush, chose instead to build a railway line across the isthmus.

But the dream of a canal remained. Ferdinand de Lesseps, backed by French investors, arrived in 1878 to repeat his triumph at Suez. He gave up eleven years later, defeated by rains, mud slides, malaria, and yellow fever. Twenty-thousand people died in the attempt. American interest persisted, however, and as America's Navy and possessions expanded a canal became a necessity. In 1902 the United States offered Colombia $10 million for the rights for ninety-nine years to a six-mile-wide zone across the heart of its province of Panama.

The Colombian Senate decided that $10 million wasn't enough. The United States first won concessions on the isthmus by promising to defend Colombia's control over the distant and frequently rebellious province. American troops and warships were sent to Panama four times in the second half of the century to put down uprisings, the last time in 1902. In 1903, however, with the Colombians now standing in the way of his canal plans, President Theodore Roosevelt switched sides. When Panamanians rebelled again in November of that year, the U.S.S. *Nashville* and a goodly sum of Wall Street gold were on hand to ensure their success. The revolution was bloodless. In Panamanian eyes, the revolution was genuine.

For a brief moment, that is. The humiliation of Panama came two weeks later, when Panama's new leaders were presented with a new treaty granting the United States control "as if it were sovereign" over a ten-mile zone down the center of their country. The lease ran "in perpetuity." Panama's constitution of 1904 granted the United States the right to intervene anywhere in Panama. At Washington's orders, moreover, the new government adopted the American dollar as legal currency, and disbanded the army.

For the next three decades, power in Panama was traded among the families of the small white oligarchy, descendents of European settlers—known derisively as *rabiblancos*, or white tails. Then, as now, most Panamanians were mestizo, mulatto, black, or Indian. Political parties were formed around personalities—there were no ideological differences—and organized solely to win elections; the parties were ginned up for the brief and costly campaigns and then they were abandoned. Elections still provoked violent passions, however, and regular calls for American intervention. As it had intended, the United States remained the final arbiter of Panamanian politics. But the really striking fact was that Panamanians seemed comfortable as permanent political adolescents. They could blame the United States for their failures, and they could call on the United States to put down any rebellions. There was no need to take responsibility, no pressure to work out a political consensus.

With the Canal driving the economy, Panama developed no large industries and no trade union movements. Its middle and lower classes remained weak, dependent, and divided. The oligarchy dominated the urban service and commercial sectors that sprang up to meet the needs of the Canal. Squeezed out of business, the middle class became professionals and bureaucrats, and they voted—at least in the early years—with their betters. The country's two largest employers outside the government—the Canal and United Fruit—were foreign-owned, so any resentment was foreign-directed. And the working class was further split by language and race: between Spanish-speaking mestizos, mulattos, and blacks—the descendants of colonial-era African slaves—and English-speaking blacks, as many as 100,000, brought in from the Caribbean to work on the railroad and the Canal. When the lower classes did rebel in the rent riots of 1925, the oligarchy called on American troops to restore the peace. But most of the time such intervention was not necessary; the oligarchy could co-opt and divert popular discontent simply by blaming American domination for the country's ills. The United States was useful to the Panamanian powerful in many ways.

Arnulfo Arias Madrid was the first Panamanian leader to recognize the po-

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litical power of the masses. For that reason, he became the country's most important politician for more than fifty years. Arias was born in 1901, in the interior town of Penonome, to middle-class parents. His father died when he was young, but his mother managed to send all five children to school abroad. Arnulfo received a B.S. from the University of Chicago and his M.D. from Harvard. His political baptism came in 1931, when, brandishing a shotgun and a revolver, he overthrew a newly elected president.

Arias was a gifted practitioner of the politics of resentment. His political coalition, Acción Communal, was a fiercely nationalistic group of middle-class urban professionals who chafed under the oligarchy's domination of politics, under American control of the Canal, under the commercial success of "foreign" Panamanians: English-speaking blacks, Hindus, and Chinese. A fiery speaker, with the white suits and the flashing eyes of a Latin movie idol, Arias eventually broadened his base to include the Spanish-speaking working class and the extreme right of the oligarchy. In 1940, running on a platform of "Panama for the Panamanians," he was elected president.

Was Arias a Nazi demagogue, as Washington believed, or was he merely a charismatic nationalist, as his followers insisted? His record was mixed. He established the country's first social security system and gave women the vote. But he also disfranchised Panama's English-speaking blacks and threatened to send them "home" to the Caribbean, he confiscated businesses from Chinese and Hindu owners, he spoke of Zionist conspiracies and the need to purify Panama genetically. Above all, he wanted the Canal back. He hinted broadly that the increasingly powerful Axis states of Europe might be willing to get it for him.

Washington became convinced that Arias—who served as ambassador to Italy in the late 1930s—was a budding fascist. The fears up north turned to hysteria when Arias refused to grant the United States a hundred new military sites in Panama, each for 999 years, and refused to permit the arming of Panamanian-flagged U. S. merchant ships ferrying supplies to Europe. When the military overthrew Arias in late 1941, the United States denied any involvement, but it was clearly pleased. It was the beginning of an enmity of fifty years between Arias and the military, and between Arias and the United States. Arias toned down his ideology in the years that followed. (Hoping to turn the United States against Torrijos, Arias even advised Reagan during his 1976 campaign against Carter and a Canal treaty.) But Washington never fully forgot. Fear of Arias was a central reason that the Americans were willing to overlook the abuses of military strongmen like Torrijos and Noriega, and were so slow in coming to an accommodation with their civilian opponents.

Arias may have been the first Panamanian leader to express the interests of Panama's dispossessed. Still, like his predecessors, he did not build a lasting political organization; his party remained a vehicle to elect Arnulfo Arias president. He paid the price for this: though he won three presidential elections between 1940 and 1984, and likely had another two stolen from him, each time he was overthrown his fervent but disorganized followers were incapable of resistance. Arias's problems were less ideological than temperamental. He seemed incapable of taking office without suspending the constitution, firing a top general, or otherwise self-destructing. In the intervals, during the years from the 1940s to the 1960s, when Arias was in jail, exile, or banned from politics, leadership reverted to the traditional oligarchy. Some presidents were more progressive than others; all were sworn to recovering the Canal; but none, not a single one, ever tried to build a modern political party.

The 1960s were unsettled times for Panama. Workers demonstrated for higher wages, the urban poor for lower rents, the students for control of the Canal. Bloody riots in the Canal Zone in

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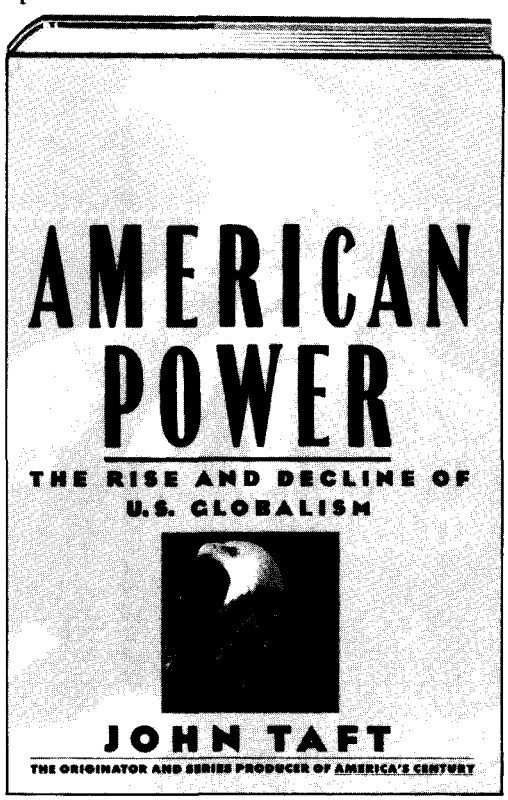

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1964 convinced Lyndon Johnson to begin serious negotiations for a new Canal treaty, although they took another thirteen years to complete. Arias most probably won the 1964 presidential elections, but by a margin small enough for the ruling party to jigger the results. Four years later, however, the vote for Arias was too large to deny. And back in office, Arias's authoritarianism returned. He immediately transferred several top military officers and began recruiting his own independent presidential guard. The National Guard overthrew him ten days after his inauguration.

III.

Except for a brief intervention in the mid-1950s, Panama's military had always avoided politics. By U. S. order, Panama in the early years had only a police force, and its members were allowed to carry only revolvers. Rifles and anything larger were kept inside the Canal Zone. The United States more than made up for that during the cold war, particularly after the signing of the 1977 treaties, training and arming the National Guard for the future defense of the Canal; and the opposition later argued for American military action against Noriega on the grounds that the United States had created the Guard and was thus morally obligated to remove it. The Guard did serve one very important social function, though: it offered the surest route of social and political mobility for mulattos and blacks.

Colonel Omar Torrijos, a military man and Panama's new populist leader, was a lot like the leader he helped overthrow in 1968: charismatic, authoritarian, committed to ousting the Americans from the Canal. Like Arias, he never trusted his followers enough to give them real political power. Torrijos was born in 1929, the son of middle-class schoolteachers from the town of Santiago de Veraguas. He was ruggedly handsome, a dark-skinned mestizo with a puckish wit and an infinite charm that were unimpaired by his legendary capacity for drink. Torrijos became the second-most-important leader in Panama's history. One American diplomat summed up the Torrijos era to me this way: "Before 1968 Panama was democratic but not representative. After 1968 it was representative but a dictatorship."

Torrijismo was an idiosyncratic and often paradoxical mix of socialism, free market capitalism, and all-sides-against-the-middle pragmatism. Its goal, he said, was to heal, to make Panama's divided society whole. Torrijos began a badly needed land reform and rewrote the labor code to make collective bargaining compulsory. He built public housing and hospitals in the cities, and schools, roads, and clinics in the neglected countryside. He filled his Cabinet and the swelling bureaucracy with darker-skinned Panamanians. While he pilloried the oligarchy in his rhetoric, he worked closely with business leaders to open up the economy.

Still, benevolent or not, Torrijos was unmistakably a dictator. His civil improvements came at the cost of military rule. Torrijos suspended elections, disbanded the national assembly, outlawed political parties, jailed and exiled opponents, closed the national university, imposed strict censorship on the press. He was right when he attacked Panama's old political system as elitist, but what he replaced it with was even more authoritarian. A puppet assembly named Torrijos the *Líder Maximo* and the Guard the country's governing body. There was nothing that the Guard did not control and corrupt—immigration, customs, public utilities, casinos, hotels, banks.

In the late 1970s, with the economy faltering and strong pressure from the Carter administration, which feared that the Senate would never accept a treaty with a military dictator, Torrijos pledged to lead the Guard back to the barracks. He lifted political restrictions, and in 1978 he formally handed the presidency over to a civilian. But Torrijos and the Guard continued to run the country.

As it later did with Noriega, Washington overlooked Torrijos's many sins—his poor human rights record, his brother's heroin trafficking, his protégé Noriega's arms deals, the fact that he was a dictator. For Nixon, Torrijos was valuable because he kept Panama stable, and only gestured in the direction of curtailing America's military presence on the isthmus. Even Carter was convinced that Torrijos was the only Panamanian pragmatic enough to negotiate a treaty that could sway the U.S. Senate and the only Panamanian charismatic enough to sell it to the Panamanian people. Carter was correct, but just barely. The Panamanian left attacked the agreement for allowing the United States to stay in Panama until 2000; the right attacked the agreement for legitimizing the Guard's rule. Even with the Guard counting, the treaty passed with only 67 percent of the vote; Torrijos had promised 80 percent.

Torrijos died in July 1981, when his plane crashed into the side of a mountain. According to subsequent mythology, Noriega had placed a bomb aboard the plane, but it is more likely that the ever macho and frequently inebriated Torrijos foolishly ordered his young pilot to take off into a violent thunderstorm. He left a mixed legacy. He bequeathed to Panama's excluded majority a sense of belonging, but he failed to furnish it with the political means to direct its future. His land reform failed to improve productivity and the lot of Panama's rural poor. Other development programs, such as public housing and highways, were more successful, but they saddled the country with one of the largest per capita debts in the world. Most important, it was under Torrijos that the National Guard developed its twin appetites for politics and corruption. Still, Torrijos died a national hero, revered for winning control of the Canal and securing a long-deferred national dignity.

Was Noriega a part of Torrijos's legacy? Torrijos promoted and protected Noriega, giving Noriega the dirty jobs so that he could maintain his own reputation for benevolence. But there is no evidence that Torrijos wanted his intelligence chief to succeed him. Kempe writes that in his last months Torrijos considered firing Noriega and the whole general staff: "We are too accustomed to being dictators," Torrijos remarked. It took two years and all of Noriega's considerable Machiavellian talents to win control of the Guard (rechristened the Defense Forces by Noriega in 1983) and the country. But by then the prize was seriously tarnished. The world recession and debt crisis hit Panama hard: growth dipped and unemployment soared, as international banks cut loans and forced the government to adopt a strict austerity program. By 1984 two out of every five Panamanians were either out of work or working sporadically.

Noriega tried to carry on the Torrijos tradition—that is, he tried to run the country through a series of puppet presidents. But he had none of Torrijos's charisma or good spirit or reputation as a nationalist. For Noriega, loyalty had to be bought or bullied. Under his leadership the Defense Forces became increasingly brutal and even more corrupt. Kempe and Dinges report that Noriega first began doing business with Colombia's cocaine traffickers in the late 1970s, as an adjunct to his gunrunning. Once he took over in 1983, Panama became a free port for the Colombian cartels, which used its airfields for shipping, its jungles for labs, and its banks to launder profits. The United States was aware of some of what was happening—but Noriega was always careful to throw his friends at DEA just enough mid-level dealers and launderers (often ones who had crossed him) to keep his American clients happy and his Colombian clients in line.

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Noriega picked the official candidate for president in the election of 1984: an unknown, colorless vice president at the World Bank named Nicolás Ardito Barletta. Arias, eighty-two, who had spent most of the Torrijos years in comfortable exile in Miami, opposed Ardito Barletta. Campaigning against military rule and the government's austerity program, Arias almost certainly won. After a week's delay, however, the electoral board declared Ardito Barletta the winner. Arias's supporters briefly rallied to protest the fraud, but they gave up after government thugs fired on the crowd. The United States recognized Ardito Barletta. He may have been unknown in Panama City, but he was a favorite of New York bankers and Washington policy-makers, and he had the special good fortune to have been taught by George Shultz at the University of Chicago. According to Kempe, Shultz traveled to Panama for the inauguration with a briefing book that included a cable detailing the fraud. Less than a year later, Noriega forced Ardito Barletta to resign after he ordered an investigation into the beheading of the dissident Spadafora.

IV.

The legitimacy of the Panamanian military had been unraveling steadily since Torrijos's death. The explosion came in June 1987, when the Defense Forces' second in command, Colonel Roberto Diáz Herrera, publicly broke with Noriega, accusing him of a long list of crimes (some believable, others not), including rigging the 1984 elections and ordering the murder of Spadafora and Torrijos. Panama City erupted for three days in a frenzy of rioting and looting that stretched from the slums of San Miguelito to the banking center's posh 50th Street. These riots had a particular historical significance: they represented the first time, other than driving the United States out of the Canal Zone, that rich and poor Panamanians united in a single cause. They all wanted Noriega out.

The Civic Crusade that emerged to lead the opposition was an improbable group of revolutionaries. Its headquarters was the downtown Chamber of Commerce building, its leaders were drawn from business and civic groups. And yet these were not exactly Panamanian Babbitts out to restore *rabiblanco* rule. Calling for a moral renovation in Panama, the leaders of the Crusade consciously distanced themselves from the traditional parties and traditional politicians. "They offer no alternative, no new leaders; they've made no attempt to reach out to the people," said Aurelio Barria, a founder of the Crusade and

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head of the Chamber of Commerce.

Barria, a thirty-five-year-old graduate of Villanova and a political novice, discovered his political vocation earlier in 1987, during a visit to the post-Marcos Philippines sponsored by the U. S. Democratic Party's National Democratic Institute. He returned to Panama committed to creating a Panamanian version of NAMFREL, the Filipino free elections movement. After Díaz Herrera turned on Noriega, Barria became convinced that Panama, too, needed "people's power." In the beginning it looked like the Crusade might pull it off. They rallied thousands of protesters across Panama City twice daily for pot banging, horn honking, and handkerchief waving. The Crusade's cartooned white knight decorated almost as many T-shirts as the more evocative "pineapple busters" that ridiculed Noriega's cratered complexion.

To the cynical Central American press, however, the Crusaders looked more than a little ridiculous. They didn't know how to build barricades. They weren't even willing to march in the midday sun, preferring to protest by auto caravan, tinted windows rolled up, tape decks and air conditioners blasting. On weekends, or during the annual trade fair, protests were suspended. The Crusaders also had an embarrassing tendency to disappear whenever the water cannons or the tear gas trucks came out. But they weren't cowards. Their problem was the old one: like the traditional politicians they criticized, the Crusaders failed to reach out to all of Panama, to the broad mass of Panamanians who were just as fed up with Noriega and more likely to put their lives on the line to rid themselves of him.

The Crusade's leaders blamed Noriega for their own insularity. "He had spies everywhere. No one would dare talk to us, not the army, not the unions," another Crusade leader now serving in the government recently told me. Some of that was true; but the real difficulty began long before Noriega. After decades of ignorance, separation, and mistrust, the different classes of Panama simply do not know how to talk to each other. And they may not have tried harder because they believed—both the rich and the poor—that the United States would, as ever, bail them out. That, too, was history's gift to the recent crisis.

The Crusade's failure was foreshadowed in early 1988. For months, Crusade leaders had been predicting a massive popular uprising on the day that Noriega could no longer meet the government payroll. With government funds frozen in New York, that day finally arrived on March 16, 1988. Thousands of public employees planned a massive protest in downtown Panama City. The evening before the big day, I dined with Barria. I had spent the day with striking port workers, and I asked him what the Crusade had planned to back up their demonstration. Barria said that they had planned nothing. When I asked why not, Barria admitted that the Crusade had no contact at all with the government unions. When I voiced my disbelief, he asked me for the union chief's phone number.

March 16 was also the day that Panama's national police chief and a dozen other officers tried to oust Noriega in a coup. The coup was pure comic opera. The rebels, too, had failed to contact either the striking workers or the Crusade. Noriega put down both the coup and the strike with only minimum force.

The Crusade's ultimate defeat came the following spring, when the opposition picked a politics-as-usual slate for the May 1989 elections. Arnulfo Arias had died the previous summer, at the age of eighty-six. In his place the opposition chose as its standard-bearer Guillermo Endara, an amiable, roly-poly attorney with no charisma and no political experience. Endara had spent fifteen years as a personal aide to Arias, which is probably the single most telling political fact about him. After Arias's young widow refused the nomination, the coalition leaders were unable to agree on anyone else, and they hoped that some of the old man's magic had rubbed off on his protégé. Endara's running mates were chosen from the politically savvy but still untested Christian Democrats and another old-style elite party.

Running on a pro-democracy, anti-Noriega platform, the opposition won big, although the true numbers will never be known. Noriega destroyed the tallies and annulled the elections before the results could be announced. The opposition hoped that the fraud would spark a massive protest. It didn't. When the three candidates led a march into the center of the city they were attacked by Noriega's "Dignity Battalions," T-shirted thugs wielding iron bars. The image, captured by foreign photographers and straight out of Costa-Gavras's *Z*, of vice presidential candidate Guillermo "Billy" Ford covered with blood punching back at his attackers horrified the world, but it left Panamanians numb. Seven months later the United States finally answered the opposition's calls, sending 25,000 troops to oust Noriega. By then the United States probably had no other choice. And that is the most tragic indictment of American policy. The blustering diplomats of the Reagan administration had failed to negotiate Noriega out of power, and the opposition was clearly incapable of driving him out.

Noriega is in a cell in Florida now. The new danger of Panamanian politics is that the new government has not learned the lesson of its failure. Panama has a new leader, but not quite a new political dispensation. The columnist Guillermo Sánchez Borbón, the opposition analyst most willing to blame Panamanians for the Noriega debacle, still describes his countrymen as accessories to the crime: "If the United States was Dr. Frankenstein creating the monster, then Panamanian politicians played the role of Igor."

Politically, the Endara government is a mix of old and new. Consider its three leaders. President Endara, the Arias accolyte, has not shown any of his mentor's dazzle and decisiveness, nor any of his racism or fascism, although those close to Endara say that he must struggle to restrain a native anti-Americanism. He resents the United States for opposing Arias, for backing Torrijos and Noriega, for waiting so long to invade. Endara does have Arias's common touch, though; cartoonists nearly swooned with mischievous glee when the overweight president went on a hunger strike to protest a delay in American aid, but Panama City's poor were mollified, at least temporarily.

Panama's First Vice President is Ricardo Arias Calderón, a dour philosophy professor and former seminarian, who may be the most uncharismatic Panamanian ever to run for office. He may also be Panama's best political hope. His Christian Democratic Party, founded in the early 1960s with strong European and Latin American support, is Panama's first truly modern political party: it has a well-articulated ideology and activists and organizations in cities and small towns across the country. The button-down Christian Democrats, with their credo of democracy, Catholicism, and capitalism, seem out of place in sin city, that is, in Panama. But their relentless organizing paid off big in last May's legislative elections; they now control nearly half the Assembly. The success of their political style may infect the other parties, too.

Panama's Second Vice President Billy Ford is pure *rabiblanco*. He may be Panama's most talented politician—gravelly voiced, silver-tongued, intuitive and charismatic with a mass appeal to rival Arias's. His small splinter party, however, has yet to reach out beyond its base of

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bankers and businessmen. After his brutal public beating last May, he reassured his admirers that "there's a Ford in your future." The fact that he kept saying it in English didn't seem to faze him or his backers.

Taken together, these three—Endara, Arias Calderón, Ford—could make one perfect leader for Panama. Despite the grousing of American liberals and Latin American nationalists, the Endara government does have legitimacy in the eyes of most Panamanians. Their reasoning is pragmatic: Endara clearly won last May's election, and even if he had to be inaugurated on an American military installation in the middle of an American invasion, he *was* inaugurated.

Still, the new government's 80 percent-plus approval rating will not survive if the government fails to address the country's desperate economic crisis. The invasion—and more important, the preceding two-and-a-half years of American economic sanctions—took a disastrous toll. Since 1987 the economy of Panama has shrunk by 25 percent. One-third of its labor force is unemployed. Hundreds of Panamanians lost their lives and more than 10,000 lost their homes in the invasion. Bush has promised to try to undo the damage, calling on the Congress to vote Panama $500 million in U.S. aid, and after months of wrangling Congress will likely approve $420 million soon. But the wrangling illustrated not only the insensitivity of Congress (which goaded the Reagan administration into imposing the sanctions that strangled Panama's economy), but also the passivity of the Endara government, which refused to criticize Washington for dragging its feet when the Panamanian people were suffering. After meeting with Bush at the White House recently, the ever amiable Endara declared: "Everybody in Panama loves President Bush."

The new government faces another challenge, too: cleaning up the military and placing it firmly under civilian control. Many Panamanians, including leaders of the Civic Crusade, believe that this particular mission is impossible, and argue that the military should be dissolved and replaced by a modest police force. Costa Rica did just that in the late 1940s, and it has enjoyed stable, democratic rule ever since. But the five days of anarchy and the wave of violent crime that followed the invasion convinced the Endara government that it needed a large force to keep order, and that the old Defense Forces would have to provide the manpower.

Arias Calderón, who is in charge of building the new Public Force, has weeded out the most notorious offenders from the Noriega officer corps. (His first choice for commander had to resign, however, after investigators discovered a million dollar bank account in his name.) The new force has had its automatic weapons, rifles, and truncheons taken away; they carry only revolvers and handcuffs. And every member must take American-taught courses in police work, which include lectures on respecting human rights and civilian authority. But there is no getting around the fact that the new Public Force is staffed exclusively by members of the old Panamanian Defense Forces: of the 1,069 officers working for Noriega, more than 900 are now with Arias Calderón. The habits of corruption and brutality die hard.

It is unlikely that the military will try to seize power soon. The Noriega debacle discredited the military even in its own eyes. But there is only one certain way to guarantee civilian rule: for the first time in their history, Panamanians must build a government that is democratic *and* representative. The early record is mixed. Endara's new Cabinet is almost completely white; it reads like a Who's Who in the Panamanian oligarchy. The three top leaders are convincing, though, when they say they are committed to representative democracy; and they have rejected calls for vengeance and mass purges of Noriega backers from government ministries. "The last thing we need right now is more people out of work," says Ford.

The government displayed an alarming insensitivity, however, when it began an anti-Torrijos campaign; Noriega's tenure may have tarnished Torrijos's memory, but it hasn't erased it for many humble Panamanians. The new leaders have yet to make any overtures to Torrijos's populist coalition. More than anything else, this government must learn to talk to its own people. Noriega's supporters may be gone forever, but populism, Arias-style or Torrijos-style, is not. The Endara government will either reach out to the masses of Panamanians or it will be swept away like its predecessors.

The United States must also learn the lesson of its Panamanian involvements. It must finally allow Panama to become a real country in its own right. As Dinges notes, the invasion was not an auspicious beginning: "[Panama] ended as it began in 1903, barely a country at all, and one whose destiny was determined not by its citizens but by the power reflexes of the United States." The United States must back away, or its long occupation of Panama will never end. It takes more than Marines to fix a political culture. •

Faith and Fantasy

BY RICHARD JENKYNS

C. S. Lewis: A Biography by A. N. Wilson

(W. W. Norton, 334 pp., $22.50)

C.S. Lewis has become an industry and (almost literally) a cult. Some forty books have already been written about him. In North America there are at least four C. S. Lewis societies publishing regular periodicals. In Germany, his literary circle, the Inklings, is studied in an annual *Inklingsjahrbuch*. A play about his short marriage has been running in the West End of London for a year. At Wheaton College in Illinois his pipe and his beer mugs are reverentially preserved in glass cases. At St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Monrovia, California, he glows in stained glass, eight feet high.

A. N. Wilson has fun (how fairly I do not know) with the warring sects into which Lewis's disciples have divided: an Episcopalian priest who was close to him in his last months, now turned Roman Catholic, promotes a High Church version of his hero and cleaves to a belief in "the Perpetual Virginity of C. S. Lewis" (to borrow Wilson's waspish phrase); in America, Protestant publishers ask to have references to alcohol and tobacco removed from Lewis's work. And all the while Lewis's detractors portray him as a hearty, beery reactionary, or a crudely muscular Christian.

The widely differing pictures that are offered of Lewis suggest that although he wrote a good deal about himself, directly and by implication, he remains elusive. Here is a challenge to a biographer. A particular mystery lies, for example, at the heart of Lewis's emotional life. For thirty years he shared a house with Mrs. Jane Moore, a woman old enough to be

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his mother. What was the nature of this relationship? Wilson has his own answer to the question—but first we should recall the outlines of Lewis's life.

He was born in Belfast in 1898, the younger son of a solicitor who worked for the police. Childhood happiness was brought to an abrupt end by his mother's death when he was eight years old. A fortnight later his grieving and distracted father sent him away to a boarding school in England, a country he had never seen, which must have deepened the trauma. His undergraduate career at Oxford was interrupted when he went to fight in France (as a volunteer, since there was no conscription for Ulstermen) and was wounded. Before leaving for the front, he and his friend Paddy Moore made a pact that if one of them were killed, the other would look after his dead friend's parent. Accordingly, when Lewis returned to Oxford, he set up house with Mrs. Moore, and the two of them were soon joined by Lewis's brother Warren ("Warnie").

Lewis became an English don at Magdalen College and lived in Oxford for the rest of his life, though in his later years he occupied a professorial chair at Cambridge. As a young man he was an atheist, but in 1929 he became convinced of the existence of God; and in 1931 he became a Christian. This was, to begin with, a matter of purely intellectual conviction: the existence of metaphysics and morality could not be explained otherwise than by God's existence. From the time of his conversion he became a prolific author, and his fame spread, first for his books on medieval and Renaissance literature, then for works of Christian devotion and apologia, lastly for the Narnia books for children.

Lewis's works on literature reveal deep learning lightly worn. For all his scholarship, none of his books is specialized; they are addressed, in luminous prose, less to the academy than to the community of educated men and women. He had the imaginative capacity to convey to us the interior lives of people whose picture of the world was very different from our own. Wilson, who is skillful at quotation, offers us a fine passage from *The Discarded Image* in which Lewis analyzes the difference between medieval and modern responses to the night sky, ending with these sentences:

> The fact that the height of the stars in medieval astronomy is very small compared with their distance in modern, will turn out not to have the kind of importance you anticipated. . . . To look out on the night sky with modern eyes is like looking about one in a trackless forest—trees forever and no horizon. To look up at the towering medieval universe is much like looking at a great building. The 'space' of modern astronomy may arouse terror, or bewilderment or vague reverie; the spheres of the old writers present us with an object in which the mind can rest, overwhelming in its greatness but satisfying in its harmony. That is the sense in which our universe is romantic and theirs was classical.

Equally to be prized is Lewis's sense of the value of literature as an imaginative—perhaps one may say spiritual—adventure. That sense is eloquently expressed in the closing sentence of one of his last books, *An Experiment in Criticism* (again quoted by Wilson):

> Literary experience heals the wound, without undermining the privilege, of individuality. There are mass emotions which heal the wound, but they destroy the privilege. In them our separate selves are pooled and we sink back into sub-individuality. But in reading great literature I become a thousand men and yet remain myself. Like a night sky in the Greek poem, I see with a myriad of eyes, but it is still I who see. Here, as in worship, in love, in moral action, and in knowing, I transcend myself: and am never more myself than when I do.

Lewis's Christian writings are of two kinds. There are apologetic works, explicating Christian doctrines or arguing for their truth: the best known of these is *Mere Christianity*, which began as a series of radio talks. More enduring are his devotional works, which use allegory, parable, and fiction; the best of these are probably *The Great Divorce*, in which some of the dead in hell take a bus trip to the edges of heaven, and most famously, *The Screwtape Letters*, in which a senior devil advises a younger colleague on how to treat his "patient"—in other words, on how to lead a human soul to damnation. This book has a high sense of the moral importance of ordinary daily living, keen psychological insight, and an epigrammatic wit. ("She's the sort of woman who lives for others—you can always tell the others by their hunted expression.").

The Narnia books continue these themes by other means. These stories about some children who pass, like Alice through her looking glass, into a magical, mythological world are evident to adults (and to some younger readers too) as religious allegories, with the part of Jesus taken by Aslan the lion, who is killed and reborn in the first book, *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. In the final book, *The Last Battle*, the children are killed in a rail crash, and except for one who is not redeemed, pass into heaven. Bald summary may make these books sound sententious, or even morbid; in reality they belong in the lively, slightly hearty tradition of middle-class English children's books exemplified in the work of Edith Nesbit.

In his fifties, after Mrs. Moore's death, Lewis astonished his friends by marrying Joy Davidman, a Jewish-American convert to Christianity, fifteen years his junior. The marriage was complicated by the fact that she was divorced, but Lewis was eventually able to find an Anglican priest who was prepared to give them a religious wedding. She was already thought to be dying of cancer; in the event she survived, gravely ill, for four years. The marriage between these two ailing, middle-aged people was rapturously passionate and romantic, and Joy's death in 1961 shattered Lewis with grief. He died in 1963, on the same day as John

Awaiting Translation

My habit is reading only beginnings
of books in a stranger's tongue, or else
waiting for a new translation, the meaning
of lines still imprisoned on the shelf.

To set myself free! So often I have missed
the chance to dive into an ocean
of imported words (not that I'd resist
the drowning), yet I've felt the motion

of the wind-tossed water slowly taking me
farther and farther out in its tides . . .
If only I could balance that cardboard sea
on the crown of my head, I would try

dousing it with fire, that hard-cover cross,
(no heavier than a human heart).
The ink and paper would save me, not because
words can save anymore than the Ark

or the City of Enoch (all saved in the Bible)
but because words must come to an end.
Did Columbus know there'd be an end to all
his travels—did he expect to find

a new world? Picture him washed up on a shelf
of sand, blazing forth again! I wish
I could be like him and somehow keep myself
alive, leave the last word unfinished.

Timothy Liu

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F. Kennedy and Aldous Huxley.

Mrs. Moore was a domestic tyrant who imposed on Lewis a ceaseless round of menial tasks. On one occasion he was dispatched from their suburban home into the middle of Oxford with an iron mangle, and instructed to try and exchange it for a lawn mower; on his return he was sent off to the bus station to inquire about a purse that she had lost. Why did he put up with it? His admirers have seen it as a martyrdom of heroic meekness, while Warnie, after thirty years, could only puzzle over his brother's "mysterious, self-imposed slavery." But if Warnie was baffled, Wilson is not. He supposes that in the early stages of their relationship Lewis and Mrs. Moore were lovers, though his argument amounts to saying, "Well, they would have, wouldn't they?" and is more than a little shaky. He goes further: "There are some men who pay prostitutes not for overtly sexual favors, but for humiliation of the most humdrum kind. Such people, caught in a strange web of masochism, find their emotional fulfillment not in acts of love but in being made to scrub kitchen floors or scour our pans."

Some will find this sort of speculation intrusive. Since Wilson has raised the issue, however, we had better confront it. His theory seems very implausible. He shows us that as a young man Lewis had mildly sadistic fantasies (of a kind that is probably not uncommon), and that when he became a Christian he strove to overcome them. It is only by waving the magic word "sadomasochism" in front of us that Wilson is able to slide from this to the very different claim that Lewis enjoyed being humiliated. But surely it is a wild claim—in the absence of serious evidence—that two such contradictory impulses exist in the same person.

One can hardly read of Lewis's late love affair without feeling that at last a great prince has been freed from prison. As Lewis himself said, the happiness that passed him by in his twenties had come to him in his sixties, and here, we must feel, is the true, the natural Lewis. Wilson himself quotes a passage from *The Four Loves* in which Lewis writes of the man's masterfulness in the sexual act, of the woman's abjection and surrender, and he does not doubt that these words (unfashionable, no doubt, and perhaps embarrassing) reflect Lewis's own late experience. I think that Lewis the masochist is a phantom best forgotten.

What seems clear is that when Lewis first met Mrs. Moore, she gave him the maternal affection that he had so long been starved of. He had no mother, his father was far away in Ireland, and he was about to leave for France and probable death. Mrs. Moore was kind to him at this time, and he was—quite naturally—grateful. There is much evidence that her later tiresomeness was a sore trial to him. Wilson has plenty to say about "friction and domestic misery," and it is revealing that the irritating, grumbling older woman is a recurrent figure in Lewis's fiction—the "patient's mother" in *The Screwtape Letters*, for instance. Wilson himself, more harshly, writes of Lewis's "ribald loathing of fat bossy women" coming through in his science-fiction novel *That Hideous Strength*, and allows that he is "the great chronicler of the minor domestic irritation, of the annoying little trait bulking to (literally) hellish proportions." These things surely reflect Lewis's own experience. I think that the conventional view of his domestic martyrdom must stand.

Perhaps the most interesting of Wilson's interpretations is his idea that in his fifties Lewis went through a second conversion as profound as the original conversion twenty years before. "I realize," Lewis wrote to a friend in 1951, "that until about a month ago I never really believed (tho' I thought I did) in God's forgiveness." This second conversion may perhaps be described as a deepened awareness of the free operation of mercy and grace; but it is best understood in relation to his earlier experience.

The queerness of the first conversion, on Lewis's own account in his autobiography, *Surprised by Joy*, was that it was in origin intellectual, not emotional. When pure ratiocination convinced him that God must exist, he knelt to pray, "perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England." Wilson is not happy with this account. He places weight on a midnight walk around Magdalen Meadows with Tolkien and another don, the former urging him to accept Christianity as a "true myth" that could appeal to the mythopoeic, imaginative part of his nature. And Wilson scratches around for other explanations. "It would be far too glib," he remarks, to suggest that Lewis adopted Christianity as "an excuse to abandon sexual relations with Mrs. Moore"—and then Wilson appears to suggest just that. (Wilson likes this rhetorical device: "It would be churlish to point out . . ." comes later.)

It is odd that Wilson does not see how well his picture of Lewis's later spiritual development fits with Lewis's own account of that first conversion. Wilson is severe (as was the man himself) on Lewis's slowness, over twenty years, to grasp the meaning of atonement, forgiveness, grace, and salvation. The criticism may be put more sympathetically. Lewis's

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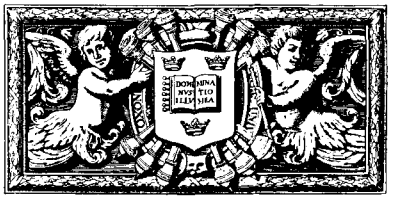

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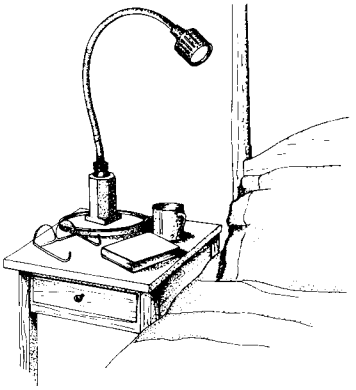

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friend Owen Barfield concluded that "self-knowledge for him had come to mean recognition of his own weaknesses and shortcomings and nothing more." And Austin Farrer, the Oxford priest, theologian, and devotional writer, who was something of a spiritual mentor to Lewis in his last years, wrote that "the moralism which is the strength of his thought runs into excess and over balances it. . . . When he considered man in relation to God he viewed him too narrowly as a moral will, and that relation too narrowly as a moral relation."

The contrast with Farrer himself is revealing. You can hardly read a paragraph of him without feeling that this is a holy man, filled unaffectedly with the love of God. From Lewis we have a sense of earnest, devoted struggle; he was one of those, like Dr. Johnson, who walked in darkness. Christian behavior, and in a sense even Christian belief, did not come easily to him. Wilson sees him deepening his understanding of these things in his last years, learning a new quietness and wistfulness, accepting even the absence of God as part of the religious life. This gives the biography a satisfying shape, as we move toward the "sanctification which occurred in him towards the end of his days"; but it seems plausible as well.

Wilson is a very clever, fluent, and engaging writer, with many of the traits that he attributes to his subject: a "constantly intelligent conversational quality," a flair for the quick, sharp character sketch, and a "bedrock of common sense." But in his anxiety to avoid hagiography, he leans over backward to be unfair to Lewis. He writes of him as a "red-faced Ulsterman" and (over and over) as a bullying rhetorician in the style of the Belfast police courts. Surely this is exactly the sort of unfair rhetoric that Wilson is complaining of. I know that Ulstermen are one of the few racial groups who can still be abused with impunity, but it is not true that they all resemble Ian Paisley; the Ulstermen of my acquaintance have more often been gentle and soft-spoken, with a tendency to introspection. Nor did the fact that his father worked for the police give Lewis some hereditary taint. For what it is worth, Lewis senior seems to have been a humorous and imaginative man.

It is not that Wilson has nothing to say in Lewis's favor—indeed, every so often a phrase of extravagant praise is dropped into the text. It is, rather, a matter of emphasis; and, until near the end, the predominant tone is grudging. For most of us, for example, one of the clearest tests of character is how we use our money. Wilson does note Lewis's extreme generosity, but tells us less about it than is known. When we read of a man who had written best sellers cancelling a modest annual holiday for lack of funds, we ought to acknowledge a heroic degree of self-sacrifice. Wilson gives the impression that Lewis's war wound was not severe; but we hear later, in passing, that he had shrapnel permanently embedded in his lung. Lewis's pupil Kenneth Tynan (who, surprisingly, adored him) was disconcerted by his habit of going into the next room and relieving himself noisily into a chamber pot. Wilson implies that this was a kind of boorishness; it suggests to me a serious bladder problem, an affliction borne in silence.

Wilson, himself the author of a book of Christian apologetic, does not think much of Lewis's work in this vein. Though that judgment may be reckoned too hard, I would agree that Lewis overestimated his own powers of philosophical argument. Otherwise, Wilson takes a high view of Lewis's writings, both religious and secular—at times, too high. Yet even here the compliments sometimes come with a sting in the tail. *The Screwtape Letters*, about which Wilson writes well, is "a cruel book," and *The Great Divorce*, Lewis's allegory of heaven and hell, is "savagely misanthropic." But as Wilson well knows, Lewis is writing in a tradition of devotional satire that descends through Bunyan and William Law.

Wilson reckons *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century excluding Drama*, Lewis's volume in the Oxford History of English Literature, to be "about the most entertaining work of criticism ever written," and elaborates this way:

> Whether in its abundant (and often questionable) epigrams, its golden or almost purple passages, its passionate enthusiasms, its magnificent unfairnesses, its gusto, or its overall common sense, it never fails as a book to read alone over a large cup of tea.

High praise, and yet subtly deprecatory: the tone is "frightfully prejudiced of course, but there's something rather splendid about the old boy." In fact, the book's provocations should not be so lightly taken. It is most controversial in its disenchanted view of humanism (in a chapter headed "New Learning and New Ignorance"). The humanists have had a very good press, but Lewis's claim that, for all that they did in reviving the classics, they were in some respects pedantic and narrower than their medieval predecessors, is powerfully argued, and it needs to be taken seriously. It is not just the prejudice of a sentimental medievalist.

The Narnia books, in Wilson's view, have "extraordinary power" and were "written white-hot." That seems a strangely exalted verdict. Since I never read them as a child, I am perhaps not a good judge. Still, they strike me now as pleasant and competent, but not really inspired. *Screwtape* is Lewis's masterpiece in fiction. Wilson's praise has, once again, a sting in it: his strategy is to give Narnia a central place in Lewis's emotional life as part of his contention that a part of the man never properly grew up. At the end of the Narnia chronicles one of the children is excluded from heaven. Wilson quotes from the passage: " 'Oh Susan!' said Jill, 'she's interested in nothing now-a-days except nylons and lipstick and invitations. She always was a jolly sight too keen on being grown-up.' " And he comments, "Susan . . . has committed the unforgivable sin of growing up."

But Wilson has quoted out of context. The passage goes on, " 'Grown-up, indeed,' said the Lady Polly. 'I wish she *would* grow up. She wasted all her school time wanting to be the age she is now, and she'll waste all the rest of her life trying to stay that age. Her whole idea is to race on to the silliest time of one's life as quick as she can and then stop there as long as she can.' " One must allow that Lewis made a bad mistake in muddling the issue of growing up with different allegories, the growth of the spiritual life and the passage from life to death, and one may regret that his view of the teenage years is so wholly unsympathetic. For that matter, he does not show much understanding of childhood itself, for happy children are, paradoxically, eager to grow up as quickly as they can; they do not yearn to stop in their early teens, as Susan is supposed to do. But at least he does go to some trouble to avoid drawing the moral that Wilson wants to impose upon him.

Though I have taken issue with Wilson, it should be said that this is an accomplished biography, written with confidence, easy worldliness, and such suavity that it can seem in places more authoritative than it really is. To return to Wilson's own provocatively insouciant phrase, it certainly passes the "large cup of tea" test. Though it contains much to please Lewis's detractors, it allows him to depart in a golden glow and acknowledges a "greatness in the man." But at heart Wilson does not seem to warm to his subject. He relates that at one of the raucous parties that Lewis laid on for his students, he staggered into the urinals, stared tipsily at the young man standing beside him, and remarked, accurately, "You don't much like me, do you?" Perhaps Wilson has included the anecdote because he feels that bloodshot glare to be fixed upon himself.

RICHARD JENKYNS is the author of *The Victorians and Ancient Greece* (Harvard University Press).

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Tending the Groves

BY LEON BOTSTEIN

The University: An Owner's Manual by Henry Rosovsky

(W. W. Norton, 309 pp., $19.95)

A more delightful book on what otherwise ranks among the most tedious of subjects would be hard to imagine. Henry Rosovsky is a distinguished economist who served as Harvard's dean of the faculty of Arts and Sciences from the mid-1970s until the early 1980s. He is about to return to that post, which is a fine turn of events for Harvard (though one suspects after reading his book that he might be ambivalent about his return to duty).

His book exhibits all of the charm, irony, and wisdom that earned its author national attention as a defender of the liberal arts, a powerful advocate of the research university, and a symbol of enlightened management in the dismal field known as the administration of higher education. Rosovsky's career, and his account of it, proves that cultured and gifted individuals can serve for sustained periods in often unenviable administrative positions without losing the respect of their most exacting critics, or degenerating into windbags and embittered veterans; and also that long-term institutional loyalty is essential if one wants to leave a lasting mark on a college or a university.

Rosovsky's admiration for Harvard University shows few limits. Despite his book's title (nicely derived from those incomprehensible little booklets that are left unread in the glove compartment), Rosovsky has written about the university in America more or less completely through the prism of Harvard, though he tries to take other universities seriously, and he does usually manage to keep the Harvard clubbiness in check. His book is divided between elegant and witty reminiscences of the deanship at Harvard and general reflections about liberal learning, college admissions, selecting among colleges, the life of graduate students, sexual harassment, and the callings of teaching, scholarship, and fund-raising. The tragicomic character of Rosovsky's advice often obscures its simple accuracy. For instance: never be surprised by anything. Memorize the correct definition of the adjective "responsive." Never underestimate the difficulty of changing false belief by facts. Not everything is improved by making it more democratic. People with knowledge are entitled to a greater say.

Implicit in Rosovsky's account of the contemporary university is the idea that Harvard can serve as a model for all universities—with the exception of places with special missions (MIT, Juilliard, Cal Tech, and so on) and a few elite free-standing liberal arts colleges. Harvard cannot easily defend itself merely in terms of its own narrow self-interest: it is not only America's oldest university, it is also its most widely known. More than any other private (or public) university, it has an aura of national authority in matters of education, research, and scholarship. Its actions influence all of higher education.

Harvard's eminence is not only historical. It sustains a pre-eminence in a variety of fields, ranging from philosophy to the medical and biological sciences. Under Rosovsky's leadership, Harvard has fought successfully against growing competition from the public sector, particularly from the University of Texas at Austin and from Berkeley. Harvard has extended its local traditions of interdisciplinary undergraduate education in programs such as History and Literature, Social Studies, and Visual Studies. Still, Harvard has not always exercised its power to break new ground; Chicago and Columbia have played a more decisive role in helping to define the idea of general education. Excellence is more widely scattered across the American academic landscape than the mandarins of Harvard believe. Rosovsky is keenly aware of this and wants a hundred flowers to bloom.

It should come as no surprise that Rosovsky, using Harvard as his model, finds that the American university is the finest in the world. But he is too nostalgic and too optimistic. While the American university has particular advantages, especially in the way it encourages a more anti-authoritarian critical attitude and high level of independence and ambition (which often can go askew) among its students, and maintains a fluid and flexible system of creating and staffing faculty, there is serious reason to fear for the immediate future. Harvard and its competitors are plagued by problems: a grossly uneven faculty, for example, and an excessive diffusion of energy away from the primary fields of research and teaching.

That diffusion takes the form of the growth of intermediate fields within the American university, ranging from public administration and business to public health, in which the university increasingly functions as a training ground for industry and government. These are proper functions, but they should not thrive at the expense of the arts and sciences. In addition, one has the suspicion that the balance between administrative functions and teaching and research is gradually becoming skewed in favor of larger and larger administration.

Rosovsky believes that the American system of undergraduate studies is optimal, as are the rituals and traditional departmental structures of the research university. Harvard's own core program for undergraduates is described as nearly ideal given the practical limitations, including the skepticism about general education rampant within a highly specialized graduate faculty. Whatever shortcomings Harvard's general education scheme may have, Rosovsky deserves credit for the program; in the mid-1970s he tried to realize the hope that at Harvard all undergraduates would encounter aspects of science, moral reasoning, literature, the arts, history, social analysis, and foreign cultures as part of their undergraduate education. Although the core was a step in the right direction, it has looked to some like a dressed-up distribution requirement.

Rosovsky's attachment to the assumptions and mechanisms of today's university is not limited to curricular issues. Tenure is perhaps not perfect, but it remains, for Rosovsky, the best way. He simply asserts that the idea that tenure fosters "deadwood" is false—at great universities, that is. But the tenure system has failed to create cohesive or hospitable environments for junior faculty members, and to prevent the perpetuation of mediocrity. In Harvard's case, the tenure process has occasionally paralyzed the university and prevented it from taking risks; in recent years, Harvard has let some of its finest young scholars go and experienced increasing difficulty in

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attracting and retaining faculty.

On another front, college admissions, Rosovsky similarly maintains that the way our most highly selective colleges proceed is not entirely fair, but it leads to the best student bodies. Rosovsky is correct to point to the power of the meritocratic impulse in American college admissions; but that impulse is often mixed with the kind of processes one associates with restricted clubs. Wealth, gender, station, and race—the special pleadings of the right and the left—all matter. There are, as Rosovsky concedes, also the nagging questions of "legacies"—individuals who get admitted owing to family connections. American universities should stop posturing. They play a nasty trick on applicants and parents by convincing them that acceptance or rejection represents some kind of objective sign of worth.

As one reads Rosovsky's book, one begins to think increasingly about the problem of how one keeps large, legendary, and affluent institutions from becoming the victims of their own rhetoric, reputation, and success. Does Harvard really possess as competitive and inspiring an environment for students and younger scientists and scholars, or is it more weighed down than it ought to be by its own sense of self-importance?

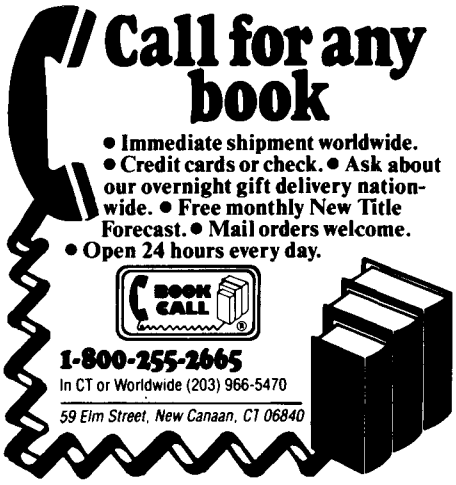
Given the enviable quality of Harvard's current faculty and students, not to speak of its resources, history, and reputation (and, in Rosovsky's case, its leadership), it is hard to conjure up constructive criticism, particularly from the outside. The envy of Harvard is great, and efforts to find its shortcomings, either from the inside or from the outside, are perhaps too quickly dismissed as such. What is wonderful about Rosovsky's book is that he manages to be so affirmative without sounding silly, and without falsifying the complexity of issues. The book is wise almost to a fault. Rosovsky is not inclined radically to rethink the traditions that he inherited and refined. He writes on the basis of his many decanal accomplishments, and he writes like a man who has made peace with the constraints of circumstances.

Of course, one ought not to criticize Rosovsky for failing to do something he never set out to do. A careful reading of his book reveals that Rosovsky, too, believes that Harvard would not expire from a little reform. One could, in fact, give an analysis of Harvard and other well-endowed institutions comparable to the analysis of large American corporations given in the 1980s—the kind of criticism that led to hostile takeovers and LBOs. Complacency, the failure to learn and be self-critical, and the reluctance to change outdated ways often win out. Large capital and cash reserves are used poorly in terms of economic or educational return. Management is top-heavy and largely inefficient. Priorities have become too diffuse. Education and research have fallen prey to fiscal considerations narrowly defined and to the self-serving concerns of management. The university's real "stockholders"—students, faculty, and donors—may not be getting the kind of value that the resources of the company could provide.

Consider the rude business of fund-raising. For Rosovsky, fund-raising appears to have been not only a necessity, but even a pleasure. I suspect that were Rosovsky to try to raise money for some institutions other than Harvard his view of fund-raising might be less sanguine. If one calculated the total cash outlay expended by all universities and colleges in the race to raise money, and matched it against what foundations actually give to institutions, the cost of asking would vastly exceed the total amount given.

One of Rosovsky's difficult moments in the early days of his deanship was the need to cut back because he was concerned about running out of cash. This is not an unusual dilemma for administrators at not-for-profit institutions. For those of us connected to less-well-endowed institutions, his claim rings a bit false. I am not sure that Rosovsky (or Harold Shapiro, the president of Princeton, who recently bemoaned his institution's lack of sufficient resources, despite a per-student endowment that is the highest in the country) quite understands what it means to pursue standards of quality on a par with Harvard's in a framework in which running out of cash is neither a metaphor nor the result of a management system that can assume a fixed percentage return on hundreds of millions of dollars. The pressures of rising costs and rates of tuition, and the dependence on government support, that dominate higher education have an urgency that Harvard has never quite had to face. Rosovsky can't be faulted for that, but it means that for some readers of his book it will seem a little unreal.

When he was dean, Rosovsky wore his immense power lightly. The position of the dean of the faculty of the Arts and Sciences at Harvard is at the center of academic power because the Faculty of Arts and Sciences constitutes the heart of the academy. Yet a cursory acquaintance with Harvard leads one to suspect that perhaps non-academic administration, as well as the law school and the business school, for example, have more influence, and that the university's decisions are not always driven by concerns of undergraduate teaching, graduate research, or the needs of students and faculty. One still hears that Harvard undergraduates feel somewhat overlooked and distant from the faculty.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Harvard's pride seems out of tune, in the end, with the needs that America faces at a time when the quality of schooling at the highest levels of graduate education (and at the very lowest in the elementary grades) is in question. Rosovsky is certainly aware of this dilemma. Can Harvard and those universities modeled along its lines organize themselves and marshal enough resources to respond to the intellectual and practical demands that will be made on the university in the decades ahead? The changing demography of the United States, not to speak of the shift in the general culture outside the university, warrants a fundamental reconsideration of our systems and structures of teaching and research. Why are 50 percent of all the Ph.D.s in mathematics (and more than 40 percent of all the Ph.D.s in economics) granted by American institutions awarded to residents of foreign countries? How can the finest universities recruit and train a new generation of faculty that can ensure the preeminence of the American university?

Our system of higher education and its best institutions are probably still better than comparable institutions elsewhere, but once we made the best cars and computers, too. The traditions of free inquiry, science, idealistic scholarship, rational discourse, tolerance, and civility on the American campus are not as secure as Rosovsky thinks, not even at the elite institutions. And the refuge of elitism won't work. The problems that beset our institutions of learning appear along the entire spectrum of measurable student abilities. The most selective and the least selective institutions must confront the problems of motivation, standards, and the absence of intellectual idealism.

Rosovsky knows that slogans and easy political rhetoric have no place in serious administration. The kinds of skills and empathy that he displayed must be focused by America's university administrators not only on the business of management but on the business of educational leadership. Rosovsky's nearly ideal amalgam of virtues as an administrator needs to be used as a tool toward far-reaching reforms guided by coherent ideals and financed from the accumulated resources of the present. The crisis of literacy and cultural standards in the United States is grave. This enchanted and useful account of American academic life could not have come at a better time.

LEON BOTSTEIN is president of Bard College.

TRB *continued from page 4*

to evolve. Despite our current emphasis on abstract rights, the Framers saw procedures and institutions as more important guarantors of freedom.

Horowitz, an expert on ethnic divisions and democracy, does not favor institutionalized racial group rights in a new South Africa. He thinks it is possible to design a voting scheme that honors the principle of "one man, one vote" while giving minorities real influence in the political system.

The key is something called "the alternative vote," a system in which voters rank their preferences among the candidates, and losers' votes are redistributed until one candidate has an absolute majority. Horowitz argues that this would create a powerful incentive for politicians to appeal to voters outside their own groups. And he makes the telling point that it is more valuable for the minority's concerns to be taken into account by politicians from the majority group than it is for the minority to have its own permanently outnumbered representatives. In Zimbabwe, whites (2 percent of the population) were guaranteed 20 percent of the seats in the legislature for seven years. It did them no good.

Horowitz's elegant system depends on the assumption that no one party can be confident of an automatic first-round majority. He counts on ethnic divisions among blacks to assure this. If he's wrong about that, his system will provide the white minority with little comfort. There are other conceivable arrangements, most involving explicit group rights: veto power on fundamental issues; "autonomy" for intragroup affairs; a requirement that winning candidates get a certain percentage of different groups' votes; and so on. Horowitz says anything like this will be prohibitively offensive to blacks who are committed to a "non-racial" future for South Africa, most notably Mandela's African National Congress.

When he talks about a "non-racial" South Africa, Mandela sounds—to American ears, once again—like someone who's been cut off from the world for three decades. In this country today it is usually black activists who defend group rights and white conservatives who talk about the colorblind vision. It's wonderful that Mandela still holds up the old ideal, and no doubt he really means it. But maybe some American blacks could explain to him why, when you're badly outnumbered, group protections start to seem not so unreasonable.

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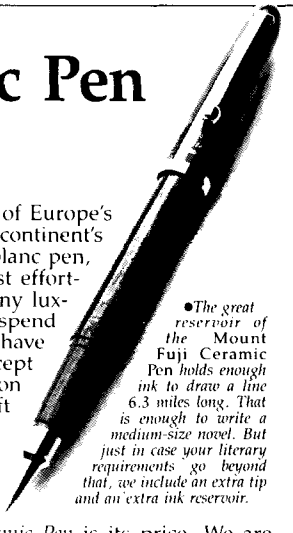

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Perestroika George

AFTER ALMOST NINE MONTHS IN Paris, I am back in the States for a short visit. Still, it's long enough to see that, though George Bush is a popular president, he commands little real interest among most Americans, even among those who voted for him. Wouldn't you rather listen to Barbara Bush at Wellesley than hear her husband anywhere else? I would. An article in *The New York Times Magazine*, unctuously called "The Fabulous Bush and Baker Boys," by Maureen Dowd and Tom Friedman, strains to give the pair some ripples of character. The attempt fails; just the *Times* flattering two important sources.

DOWD AND FRIEDMAN ALLUDE improbably to some "daring foreign policy gambit." China? Lithuania? We do learn that the fabulous Bush disregarded the advice of the fabulous Baker by strong-arming Yitzhak Shamir about settlements in the occupied territories. I don't like Shamir, and frankly, Shamir doesn't like me. He has wagged his pudgy little fingers at me in public several times, and when he was foreign minister he barred me from the Israeli Embassy in Washington. I don't think I've ever written a kind word about him, and I'm not about to start. I'm also opposed to dotting the maps of the West Bank and Gaza with Jewish settlements. But Bush's obsession with these settlements as impediments to peace shows just how little he understands the conflict. The Arabs didn't want peace when there were no occupied territories on which Israelis might settle. And the settlers constitute just a tiny 6 percent of the population of the territories. It isn't the settlements that have kept the Palestinians away from the table, it's the PLO. Many Arabs, maybe most of them, still nurse the dream of maps without Israel at all. If Washington were to rivet on them, it would really have to face the limits of its peace-making capabilities. So the Arabs are always trying to coax the Americans into focusing on Israeli behavior, and Washington is compliant.

THE PALESTINIANS REAPED QUITE a propaganda boon from the 150 Jewish "settlers" who moved into an empty hospice in the Old City's Christian Quarter. The Israeli courts have already evicted all but twenty of them, and doubtless will evict the rest, but courts do not act fast enough to pre-empt politics. The photograph of a nun praying at the shut doors of the Holy Sepulchre, closed for the first time in 800 years, appeared everywhere; it looked as though the rights of the Christian denominations in Jerusalem were in peril. The fact is, the Christians of Jerusalem are without grievance. Their privileges have been scrupulously maintained. One has only to compare their situation now with what obtained during the Jordanian occupation to grasp how respectful Jewish sovereignty has been of Christian sensibilities. The Christian churches protest not because they are afraid of the Israelis. They protest to protect their precarious rights in the Arab world. Any frank and savvy Roman Catholic churchman will tell you that it's the fear of Arab intolerance that keeps this pope so churlish about Israel.

NOT SINCE HENRY KISSINGER kept Gerald Ford from welcoming Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn to the White House has a president been so contemptuous of the victims of communism and its imperialism. Our thank-you-note president had the White House staff treat Kazmiera Prunskiene, the prime minister of Lithuania, with less courtesy than they treat Mitch Snyder. She was forced to get out of her car, red Soviet passport in hand, pass a metal detector, and walk alone up the White House driveway. (Her brother had to wait for her across the street in Lafayette Park.) If he'd had his druthers, Bush wouldn't have seen her at all. The White House fixed a meeting for her with the president only after noticing that she was to meet with the congressional leadership.

AT LEAST BUSH IS HONEST ABOUT his intentions. He's not going to do much for Lithuania, and he'll probably do less for Latvia and Estonia. Bush's concern is for Gorbachev, who has become a presidential cause. He has pity for the commissars, who are overwhelmed by the magnitude of their people's disgust with their rule, and so he doesn't want to push them too far. I prefer the instruction of the old Yiddish proverb, "As you make your bed so you sleep." This was, still is, an evil empire, its imperialism as intrinsic to its nature as the other manifestations of evil for which it was known. Perestroika will mean no real change at all without the disintegration of empire. Which is to say, "Perestroika George" cares little for perestroika.

IN MY FEW DAYS HERE I DID manage to attend part of a conference called "Second Thoughts about Race in America," put together by those challenging second thoughters David Horowitz and Peter Collier. I know they drive some people, including our own Rick Hertzberg, up the wall. But my every experience with Collier and Horowitz has shown them to be intellectually honest and intellectually open. They certainly are correct that many of the country's present maladies of mind and spirit can be traced to the sixties, especially the fact that we can no longer talk truthfully about race. A frequent TNR writer, Stanley Crouch (his last piece, on Miles Davis, appeared in the February 12 issue), who this week joins our contributing editors, argued that the exempting of blacks from universal standards of excellence relegated them to second-class status vis-à-vis themselves and others. Glenn Loury, who also has made some controversial appearances in our pages, cautioned the audience not to be smug about the silliness of some black leaders, and not to be smug about the silliness of the liberals who follow them either. Juan Williams of *The Washington Post*, Eric Breindel of *The New York Post*, Julius Lester, Abigail Thernstrom, Ronald Radosh, all names TNR readers will recognize, were among the other speakers. There is an awful crisis in the black population, and a crisis in black and white relations as well. Nobody really knows how to begin to get at the first crisis; anyone who says he does is just whistlin' Dixie. But one way to get at the second is for people to unburden themselves in the way this "second thoughts" process encourages them to do.

JUST BEFORE I LEFT ON MY AMERican trip we went to see Edward Zwick's incandescent and stirring movie, *Glory*, which had just arrived in Paris. The story of the Massachusetts 54th Regiment in the Civil War, a black regiment commanded by white officers, it is truth on the screen, a revelation. Why did it not win more Academy Awards? I believe, with George Will, that its patriotism counted against it, and its drama of black longing for and belonging to the Union. This is not a sentimental film; but it is a movie about a just and an unavoidable war in which brave whites and brave blacks die for each other. I know a teacher in a largely black junior high school in New York who has taken all her classes to see *Glory*. She and they see it as both history and parable, an honest legend for our time.

MARTIN PERETZ

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The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.
There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!

Clear vinyl window for schedule, photo, etc.
Adjustable straps secure top to bottom
Calculator case
Pencil & ruler pocket (ruler included)
2 full-depth inner pockets
Zipper lets bag expand to 8" width.
Full Width & depth outside pocket on back
Fully adjustable 2" wide canvas shoulder strap
Two 6" × 7" outer pockets

NOW ONLY $19.95

The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

With these six handsome colors to choose from, you're sure to find a Scandia to suit your taste.

BLACK GRAY BURGUNDY BLUE KHAKI BROWN

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ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to MA, PA, NY, NJ, MN & CA (6%).		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

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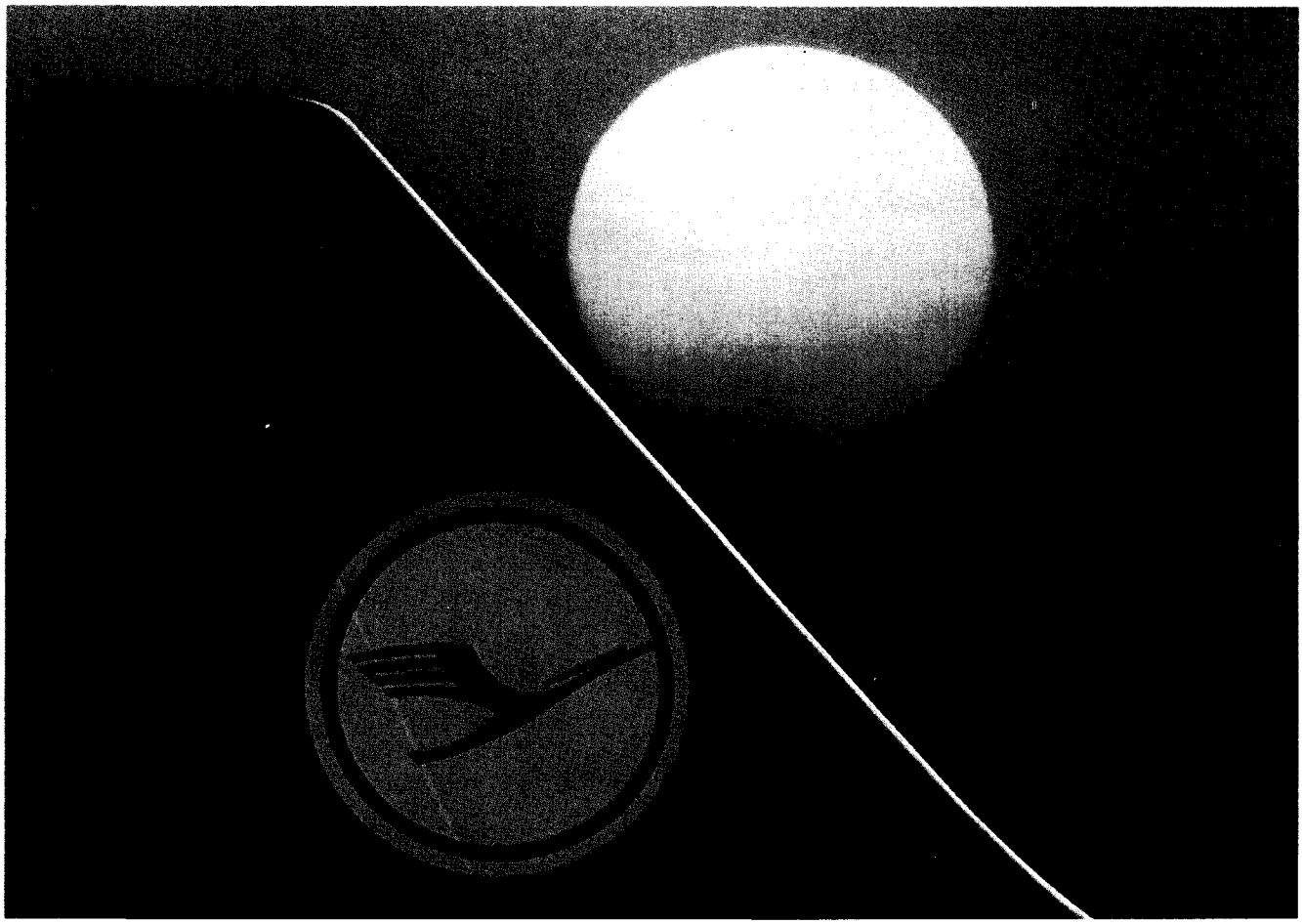
Let Lufthansa take you to the place where the climate keeps getting warmer. Eastern Europe.



Remember the Iron Curtain? Not so long ago, Eastern Europe seemed remote and uninviting to travellers from the West.

Today, of course, the climate has improved dramatically. And while many western airlines are just now beginning to open up routes to the East, to Lufthansa, Eastern Europe is already familiar ground.

In fact, no other airline flies to more countries in Eastern Europe than Lufthansa. You will even find Lufthansa offices throughout Eastern Europe, staffed by people who have the experience to help you with local travel arrangements, hotels, rental cars and more.

As western travellers rediscover Eastern Europe, no wonder so many take the airline that never left.

People expect the world of us.

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental/Eastern. See your Travel Agent for details.

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